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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

The following article from the Knickerbocker for December is from the pen of the Hon. (late Chief Justice,) Mellen of Maine. It will richly reward the reader.

OUR BIRTH-DAYS.

The anniversary of our birth-days is always an interesting period, and should be noticed accordingly. Each of such days is a mile-stone on the road of life, reminding us of the rapidity rate at which we have been advancing on in journey, and approaching its close. It is true that in life's morning, these mile-stones appear to be farther apart than they do in later years; still, they are days of hope and promise. Thousands are then rejoicing that they are one year nearer to the boasted age of twenty one, when a young man feels himself lord of his own actions, and glories in his liberty. To thousands of the fairer part of creation, these annual monitors are welcome, as harbingers of the day when they shall shine in the ball-room or circles of fashion; attract all eyes, and command all attention; or perhaps fasten some silken chain around the heart of an individual admirer, and lead him in delightful captivity. To others, thousands of the same sex, the anniversary will tell a tale of sadness; of departed hours and departed charms; of withered roses and withered hopes; when the looking-glass has lost its magic power, and speaks nothing save in the plain language of unwelcome truth and soberness. Thousands are reminded that many of the intervals between one mile stone and another were distinguished by lovely landscapes and countless beauties; by health and enjoyment—by joy and gladness of heart. To thousands of others, such intervals have been gloomy and cheerless, without the consolations of friendship, the comforts of society, or the flattering promises of hope. Surrounding prospects have only increased the gloom of the mind, and made the heart sick.

Yet in all these recollections, we may find instruction and nourishment for our better feelings. If our course has been checkered with good and evil, we may profit by tracing consequences to their proper causes; and thus learn how many miscalled misfortunes are the offspring of *folly*, or *imprudence*, or *wrong*; the natural results of our own wanderings from the path of innocence and duty; or else have been so fortunate as to have discovered by experience, that our happiness and duty are intimately connected, and that wisdom's ways are always ways of pleasantness and peace. In both cases, this annual review of the days and years that have taken their farewell of us, will be salutary in its effect and teach us the value of virtuous resolutions of amendment, when we have gone astray, and the peaceful feelings and sweet anticipations of those whose desire it is to preserve their moral health in the bowers of innocence and purity, and amid the green pastures and still waters of life.

This very day, I have arrived at the *seventy third* mile stone on my journey to another country, where we all hope to enjoy happiness unending. And here I must avail myself of the old man's privilege; that of speaking of himself, and the incidents of exciting or soothing interest which have marked its onward course. I have abundant occasion to indulge in the pleasing retrospect. Through the *smiles* of heaven, I may truly say, that in the long vista I can scarcely discover an unpleasant object to mar the beauty of the scene. It still appears margined with foliage and flowers, almost as green and bright as ever. The surface of the way still seems smooth, and the sky is clear and summerlike, as in the days of my youth and early manhood.—Surely, these are distinguished blessings to me, and as such I fondly cherish them. Heaven has given me a firm constitution, and long continued health. These are precious foundations to build upon; and I have improved them for that purpose. But much has been effected by the formation of certain *habits*, and by an attention to certain *rules*; and I feel their tendency and effects as valuable medicines. It is not vanity in an old man to recommend them to others. I am influenced by better motives. In the first place when a child,

> '——'I knew a mother's tender care,
> And heard th' instructions of a father's tongue,'

and I hope I have never forgotten them, or in any situation disregarded their benign influence, but reverenced them as important safeguards. The rules I have adopted have never, to any extent, deceived me.

1. I have always found, that if I had injured any one, especially if intentionally, I could enjoy no peace of mind, until I had *asked* and *obtained* his forgiveness. When forgiven, was calm and sunshine in my bosom. I never solicited in vain.

2. Knowing by experience the value of this blessed sunshine, I have always endeavored so to be on my guard, as not to offend by indulging passion, suspicion or want of respect and courtesy. This has always insured courtesy and kindness in return, from all others.

3. If on a sudden I have for a few moments been guilty of indulging in passion, the sun never went down on my wrath. I never *did* and never *could* retain resentment against any one, and cherish a desire of revenge; for such a desire, would have been painful and distressing. A word from him who had excited my momentary anger, spoken to me in kindness, never failed to disarm every disturbed feeling. I have always found a peaceful disposition a source of comfort, and to produce the same calm within, as is caused by gentle breezes on a summer day, refreshing an invalid who is walking abroad to inhale them.

4. In order to preserve this youthful feeling of our nature, while advancing in years, I have steadily maintained the custom of associating freely with the *young* as well as the *old*; in joining in the social or fashionable circle, and breathing the atmosphere of the library or the drawing room with ladies and gentlemen, more especially with those whom I am in the habit of meeting on other occasions, upon terms of easy intercourse. By this practice, my social feelings have remained almost unchanged. Though I am an old tree, my leaves remain nearly as green as ever.—The scenes I have just described, I enjoy now as well and as pleasantly as I did forty or fifty years ago. Are these blessings? Men and women may grow old, if they please, lose all relish for social intercourse, even among those of their own age; and if they please, they may retain most of the better feelings of their early days, in the particulars before mentioned; and the honest, frank, and cheerful expression of them will generally be reciprocated, even in the circles of the young and gay. These interchanges of thoughts and feelings, in hours of easy and virtuous relaxation, are mutually beneficial, in producing kinder dispositions towards each, and bringing the distant periods of life nearer together, and forming a *temperate zone*, where the climate becomes more mild, uniform, serene and salutary. Are not my rules and my practise, then, worthy of imitation, as having an evident tendency to preserve a green old age, and protract the 'Indian summer of the soul,' and keep the heart warm amid the gathering frosts of the December life?

We cannot open a newspaper without seeing advertisements of those who have compounded numberless medicines for curing almost all the pains and diseases 'which flesh is heir to;' and are desirous of diffusing them for the relief of all classes of sufferers, for a moderate pecuniary compensation. And surely there can be no impropriety in my publishing this article for the benefit of all concerned, and giving them *gratis*, my friendly advice on so interesting a subject. My object is as commendable as theirs; and I presume my prescriptions, if duly observed, would promote the moral health of thousands, and save them from the penalty of 'low spirits;' quicken the healthful circulation of the 'social blood,' and add to the life of multitudes, years of comfort, ending in a golden sunset.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

Alas! how much misery there is in the world of which most of us little dream! We see enough indeed, to move our best sympathies for a suffering fellow nature; but did we see all the cases of sorrow and anguish, which occur even in our midst—but which are not sought out or are carefully concealed from the world,—most sensitive hearts would bleed in a generous tide of lamentation for other's woes. David of old said, 'the cause (of suffering) which I knew not, I *searched out*;' and it is the duty of us all, as professed Christians, not to content ourselves simply with bestowing relief in those cases of sorrow that force themselves upon our notice, but also to *search out* other cases, and go in the spirit of the good Samaritan to their aid and comfort.

Upon a cold winter's morning in the early part of the present week, as we were proceeding to this office a little after break of day, we beheld standing at the corner of the Jail, in the open street, exposed to the northern blast, a pretty little girl, apparently about ten or twelve years of age, wailing in screams of almost unearthly agony. She was thinly clad; her loose hair hung over her naked shoulders, and she appeared in such misery and trouble that, as you may believe, our sympathies were moved to hasten our pace *towards* this scene of suffering. 'What—what! is the matter, dear child?' we exclaimed, as we approached her retreating form.—She could not answer, and we needed not a reply from her; for soon the cause of her agony was revealed. At that moment, her culprit *father*, was dragged forth in chains from the dark cells of the Jail and forced into a wagon which drove off rapidly for the *State's prison* in Thomaston. He had been convicted of theft, and had his doom assigned, to be torn from the bosom of a young and dependent family and to be incarcerated in the penitentiary. As the person of her father presented itself to the child, in the hands of the officers, she renewed her filial cries of 'pa!' 'pa!' and as the wagon drove off her little feet flew, too, in the direction of the wagon, screaming the endearing word of 'pa!' and she followed it till both she and the wagon were out of our sight. Oh! what strong cords of affection bind parents to children, and children to parents, guilty and degraded as they may be; and how agonizing must have been the *feelings* of *that* father on the reflection of so much tender filial love, undeserved and sacrificed by *his own crimes*.

Were the consequences of crime or vice confined to the individuals who commit it, we might have less sympathy for *their* doom, and they less inducements to forbear their course of guilt. But when it is considered that crime almost always involves *others*, the *innocent*, also in the misery, who is there, that would not refrain his hands and his thoughts from deeds of evil, if not on his own account, yet for the sake of wife or children, of brothers or sisters? If thou wouldst not add ten thousand acuter stings of guilt to thine own heart, by the reflection of the miseries thy crime may bring upon thy innocent, confiding and dependent friends, forbear, for mercy's sake, forbear to meditate evil.—*Gospel Banner.*

For the Register and Observer.

The new meeting-house recently erected by Rev. Mr Harding's society in New Salem, was, on the 6th instant, dedicated to the worship of the one living and true God. The day was pleasant; and the house was filled at an early hour. Many brethren were present from the neighboring societies, and many who belonged to this society, had come several miles, up the long hill, to their future temple of worship.

This was once a large society. But for many years past its numbers have lessened from various causes, the principal of which have been the decrease of the population caused by the decline of business in the centre of the town, from its unfavorable situation,—and the removal of many families from the parish whose places have been occupied by those of other denominations. The society has of late years struggled hard for the support of religious ordinances. But the little band have willing minds, warm hearts, and ready hands, for the cause of truth and righteousness: and, with these in a good work, what may we not accomplish!—Great and laudable were the sacrifices and exertions they had made for the erection of this new temple; and—conscious as they must have been, that they had done a noble work, they joyously assembled to engage in the grateful service of dedicating to the Most High the house in the building of which he had so greatly blessed them. The services of the occasion were as follows;—Introductory prayer, by Rev. Mr Thompson of Barre; reading of the Scriptures by Rev. Mr Bridge of Norton; prayer of consecration, by Rev. Mr Rogers of Bernardston; sermon by the Pastor of the society. Text, Psalms lxv. 4; 'We shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even of thy holy temple.' Concluding prayer, by Rev. Mr Smith of Warwick. The spirit of purity, holiness and love, characterized all the parts of the service, and none could have left at its close without feeling that it was pleasant to be where the truth is thus uttered. God will richly bless a people who do so much according to their means, and who listen so attentively, as they do, to the motives which his word furnishes for leading virtuous and pious lives. May the seal of true religion be sown in their vineyard, as in good ground—may it spring up—and, watered with the dew of heaven, be abundantly productive of the fruits of the spirit, love, peace, gentleness, meekness, and every virtue. May their lives be as pure, as their religion is holy. May the piety of the suppliants be the principal decoration of this neat house of worship. May the beauty of holiness appear equally in the conduct of their lives and of their devotions; and may they find in their new temple the way that leads to everlasting life.

The following original hymns written by ladies of the society were sung on the occasion.

HYMN.

By Mrs E. S.

Lord, it is not from Ophir's mine
A golden treasure here we bring;
'Tis not bright gems or pearls that find
A place in this our offering.

Deep from the living shrine within,
With reverence we our gifts bestow;
Accept the tribute which we bring,
And make this temple thine below.

Thine for the worship Christ hath taught,
From the deep fount of love divine,
Thine for the humble soul's resort,
A pathway to a purer clime.

And while with joy we consecrate
This fabric to thy holy name,
Wilt thou, O Lord, with smiles elate
The faithful votaries of this fane.

Be thou their shield, their trust, defence
To ease their pilgrimage below;
Be Christ their star to guide them hence
Where streams of bliss forever flow.

HYMN.

By Miss M. S. H.

To thee, O holy One above
Great source of wisdom, truth and love,
This house we dedicate:
Here may religion's heavenly page
Instruct our youth and cheer our age,
Our sins eradicate.

Will he who gave all beings birth,
Who formed and blessed this glorious earth,
To us bend listening down?
Be with us in this humble place,
Regard our prayers, accept our praise,—
This pure,—this holy one?

Then each returning Sabbath day
We'll gladly tread thy happy way
That leads to Heaven's gate;
Here may we find the shield of faith
To guard us through life's dangerous path
Where unseen perils wait.

Here each sincerely fervent prayer
Still some new good to us shall bear
From our great heavenly friend;
Some light on duty's path shall come,
Some fresh desires towards heaven our home
Bid our feet thither tend.

A nobler fane we seek to raise,—
Within each heart a house of praise,
A spirit temple, Lord;
From every stain we'll purify,
With every virtue beautify
This temple for our God.

WHAT ARE NOT THE OBJECTS OF THE PEACE CAUSE.

The cause of peace, if spotless as an angel from heaven, could not hope, in such an age of jealousy, suspicion and alarm, to escape prejudice or reproach. It is at present too little known, or too little heeded, to have the benefit of a strong, violent opposition; but, as public attention wakes to the subject, it is painfully amusing to see what misconceptions are afloat in the community respecting even the object at which the friends of peace are aiming.

Often are we met with questions that betray a strange and culpable degree of inattention to this subject. 'What would you do, if you could? Would you entirely change the present order of things? Would you employ no force, and have no punishments, no laws, no restraints? What changes do you seek to effect in government or society?'

We must first tell what is not the aim of this cause. Whether right or wrong in its singleness of purpose, it does bend all its efforts to one grand result; and concerning the other objects occasionally attributed to us, we can merely say that, whether good or bad, they come not within our range, and might just as properly be laid to the credit or the discredit of the temperance cause or any other reform.

1. We do not, then, seek to annihilate or supersede civil government. We regard the will of God as the supreme law of the universe: but we believe that will to have established human government, civil and domestic, as one of its own ordinances, and required implicit obedience in things not forbidden by himself.

2. Nor would we weaken government by taking away its sanctions. We do not deny its right to enforce the obedience of its own subjects, to punish transgressors, and thus prove itself 'a terror to evil doers.' Government among us is probably too weak; a stronger, steadier, more impartial hand would doubtless be better in almost every respect; and, so far from diminishing its authority and influence, we would increase them both by denying, what the New Testament very explicitly condemns, the right of forcible resistance under any circumstances to 'the powers that be.'

3. Nor do we aim at the abolition of capital punishments. The strict inviolability of human life does indeed include the cause of peace; for, if a government may not by a regular process of law, take the life even of a criminal to atone for his injuries to society, it surely may not dip its hands in the wholesale butcheries of war; but the cause of peace does not in its utmost extent, involve the inviolability of human life except in the intercourse of nations. So Grahamism embraces temperance as its starting point; but the cause of temperance cannot fairly be held responsible for all the dogmas, whether right or wrong, of the 'Lecturer on the Science of Human Life.' Our cause is restricted to the sacrifice of life in *war alone*, and does not inquire whether the Bible allows capital punishment.

4. Nor does it touch the question, whether government has a right to suppress mobs by force. Most of our friends admit this right, a few discard it, just as most of them believe, while some deny, the Christian Sabbath to be of divine authority; but, as friends of peace, we have in fact no more to do with one question than we have with the other.

5. Much less do we seek to banish every kind and degree of force from the government of nations, schools and families. To what extent, if any, force may and should be employed in these cases, it is not our province as peace makers, to determine. We merely set them aside as not *coram judice*, as points not belonging to our cause.

6. Still less do we aim at the abolition of slavery as one of our peculiar objects. War was indeed the origin, as it is still the support, of this accursed system; the universal prevalence of peace would bring it to a speedy, perpetual end; no thorough-going peace man can consistently be a slaveholder; nor can the cause of emancipation without bloodshed be carried to a successful issue on any other than the strictest principles of peace; but our cause has no more to do with slavery, than it has with imprisonment for debt.

7. Nor is our aim the *general* improvement of civil government. We look not to reciprocal obligations of rulers and subjects, but to the duties which one government owes another; not to the domestic policy, but to the intercourse, of nations; not to their treatment of their own subjects, but to their conduct towards each other.

" be confirmed by
has repeatedly
and briefly that

Peace Soc.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS FROM THIS TO A BETTER COUNTRY.

DELIVERED UNDER THE SIMILITUDE OF A DREAM.

(*Continued.*)

The pilgrims continue their journey. Interesting account of Inebrius and the Giant Alcohol.

Now I saw that Holdfast and his companion Pauper, after having again expressed their acknowledgments to their friendly and instructive monitor 'addressed themselves to their journey.'

They went forward, for a considerable time, in a musing posture, without an interchange of thoughts by words. But at length Pauper breaking the silence, suddenly exclaimed—'Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.' To these expressions of devout thankfulness his fellow pilgrim most heartily responded. Then as they went on their way rejoicing, Holdfast said to his companion, 'Let us make ourselves better acquainted with each other.' We are, as yet, almost strangers. By giving me a brief account of the past events of your life, and especially of those which have occurred since you 'set out on your pilgrimage,' you will confer upon me a high obligation. Nor will you find your confidence in me misplaced. To this request, Pauper readily assented, observing, however, that he had but little to communicate, which would be interesting to his companion, or favorable to himself. Having recounted the most prominent characteristics and incidents of his chargeful life, to his companion, up to the time of their uniting with each other, he made a solemn pause, which seemed indicative of shame and self-reproach. But soon, making a visible effort to speak, he proceeded.

Pauper. Just before, and at the time you found me prostrate on the ground, miserably shocked and bruised, I thought that I was surrounded by malignant and appalling spectres, who demon-like inflicted wounds upon my body with poisoned weapons, obscuring the atmosphere with their murky breath, hedging up my way, and deriding me with horrid grins, and ghastly distortions of their fiendish aspects. The impression they made upon my mind was deep and astounding, which I believe will never be effaced. What to think of the frightful and horrific scene, I know not. It seemed an awful reality; and will you dear Sir, tell me plainly, what you think of it?

Holdfast. What had been the state of your mind and body prior to your fall?

Pauper. My mind, when you kindly raised me from my disgraceful fall was in a state of much perplexity and confusion. Besides, my eyes were so bedimmed by the mire of the slough, into which I had been thrown, and from the shock occasioned by my fall, that I could see nothing clearly.

Holdfast. I do not hesitate, then, to pronounce the frightful scene you have described, as a mere hallucination of your disturbed mind and the obscured vision of your eyes.

Pauper. It may have been so; and so I hope it really was. But do you think that such a visionary scene (if it were visionary) was ever presented to the view of any other distressed pilgrim?

Holdfast. Yes, to the view of many, if I may believe the best authenticated statements in relation to the subject. Indeed I have personally known a pilgrim, to whose astonished imagination, scenes quite as wonderful as that, which you have described, were presented, as seemingly unquestionable realities.

Pauper. But do you not think that such strange appearances are ominous of evil?

Holdfast. My belief, Sir, is that they may be indicative of some past evil; and sometimes, at least, of future good. In confirmation of the truth of this my belief, I will briefly relate to you, if you desire it, the wonderful appearances and the colloquial discourse which seemed, a few years ago, to meet the eye and fall upon the ear of the pilgrim, whom I just mentioned.

Inebrius. The pilgrim alluded to, after having pursued his pilgrimage course for a considerable time with a seemingly firm and undeviating step, was unhappily assaulted by the giant Alcohol, whom, at the first onset, he seemed resolutely to resist. The combat continued for a considerable time, and victory seemed inclined alternately to either side. But at length, his resolution failing, Inebrius began to give way, when the giant, taking advantage of his situation, suddenly sprung upon him and crushed him to the ground, where he lay several hours in a state of insensibility, and might have slept the sleep of death, but for several successive peals of thunder, which seemed to shake the earth to its very centre, and to threaten its dissolution. Startled by the tremendous sounds, he attempted to spring instantly upon his feet. But, poor man! It was with difficulty that he got upon his knees. In this position he earnestly cried for help.

While upon his knees, and looking round with dismay, two unearthly forms, between whose aspects there existed the strongest contrast, suddenly stood before him. Terror renovated his strength, and he immediately found himself in an erect posture gazing in amazement on the figures before him. He attempted, but found himself unable to speak. But one of the figures, whose name was *Diabolus*, asked him with seeming sympathy and concern, what was the occasion of the suspicious situation in which he had just been? To this demand, our pilgrim, scrutinizing his insiduous look and appalling appearance, tremblingly replied, that in a fierce encounter with the giant Alcohol he had been crushed to the ground by his superior strength, where he had lain in a state of insensibility, till he was roused to a state of alarmed consciousness, by peals of the most terrific thunder.

Diabolus. Why did the giant use you so roughly? Did you give him no occasion for it?

Inebrius. I said nothing with an intent to offend him. I only observed that if he meant to hinder me in my journey, he had 'mistaken his man;' that if he would become my companion in travel, and walk discreetly, and with reasonable moderation, I should be glad of his company; but that if he would not comply with my wishes, I should press forward, and thrust him aside from my way in spite of his gigantic stature and strength. Scarcely had I finished my last sentence, when he sprang upon me like a tiger, and crushed me down, as I have related.

Diabolus. Alcohol is very pleasant, courteous and exhilarating in his conversation and manners, when he is not abused, and treated in a presumptuous manner. He is one of my most diligent and successful missionaries. The field of his labors is very extensive, and his many votaries are, through his agency, rescued from a state of bigoted austerity, and brought into a state of exhilarating animation and smiling joy. Had you not treated him in an intemperate and daring manner, he would have inflicted no injury upon you, but become your steadfast and constant friend. And as he is now but a little before you on the road, I advise you to hasten forward and overtake him, as soon as possible. You may be assured that a slight apology to him for your inconsiderate rashness will conciliate his friendship. And as it is now a season of comparative leisure with him, he will gladly accompany you on your journey, and afford you all needed assistance. Without his aid you will not be able to make progress with desirable speed, nor, either with comfort or safety. When he had said these, and many other things to the same effect, *Christus*, the other personage, casting an indignant and reprehensive look upon Diabolus, and a look of stern dignity, tempered with melting pity, upon Inebrius, thus addressed him:—

Christus. Heedless and rashly adventurous man! you stand upon the verge of a precipice of giddy height, from which you will soon, and unexpectedly fall a dire and deadly descent, if you do not firmly 'stand against the evils' of this your insidious adversary. 'He is a liar from the beginning.' His devices are subtle, and fraught with mischief. And notwithstanding 'the words of his mouth are smoother than oil, yet are they drawn swords; and war is in his heart.' He seeks to destroy you 'both soul and body in hell.' Listen not a moment, then, to his treacherous advice. As you would enjoy a sound mind in a sound body; as you would retain the confidence and improving society of your pilgrim friends, and as you would live to happy old age and die in peace, make no overture of friendship to that gigantic and pitiless destroyer. Alcohol has already 'gotten the advantage of you;' and soon will you fall a prey to his teeth, should you become his associate. Avoid, then, his detestable society, although he should transform himself into the semblance of an angel of light; seek not a single interview with him. But should he again meet you, although with an aspect clothed with the most alluring smiles, and with courteous address, treat him as the most inveterate enemy both of God and man. Resist him with all boldness and determined resolution, should he attempt to impede your progress, or to turn you aside from a direct course; and, be assured, he will flee from you. Had not your resolution failed, in your late encounter with him, you would have obtained a triumphant victory over him. The truth is—you stepped aside from the path of safety, and trod on forbidden ground, else all the powers of earth and hell could not have prevailed against you. I have now delivered you my message from Him who, if you duly regard it, will be your best friend here, and your everlasting portion hereafter; but if you disregard it, your portion here will be 'labor and sorrow;' 'indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish' forever. O! then listen to the words of my mouth, that your soul may live; but if you turn away your ear from them, you shall assuredly 'die the death.'

As Inebrius stood trembling before the august speaker, and anxiously listening to his last solemn and impressive words, the visionary scene suddenly disappeared, and he saw it no more.

Absorbed in anxious and tumultuary thought, our amazed traveller remained like a statue fixed to the spot, upon which he had been standing, until a startling voice, as from heaven, fell upon his ear, commanding him to stand no longer idle, but immediately to go forward. Without gainsaying, he obeyed the mandate; but with a confused, and irresolute mind, and with slow and tottering steps. Thus he proceeded but a short distance before he came to a village in which were situated two corn-mills, one on the right, the other on the left side of the road; passing each other; but standing upon the margin of the same stream, over which was constructed a bridge for the passage of travellers. These mills strongly arrested his attention. The wheel of that, on the left hand, was impelled by powerful *steam*, and revolved upon its axes with prodigious violence and velocity; while that of the other was moved by water, and performed its revolutions steadily, but with comparative moderation. The mill on the left hand was under the care and management of a man whose name was *Ardent; Sobermind* had the charge and management of the other.

While Inebrius was contemplating the different operations of these mills a man of grave and sagacious countenance, stepping up to him from the mill on the right hand of the road, civilly asked him what was the object of his deep attention? To whom he replied—the difference in the motions of the wheels, belonging to these mills, has excited my curiosity. I do not discover the cause of the difference. The wheel, said *Sagacity* (the name of the stranger) whose motion is so rapid, is whirled by the exertion of a powerful steam engine, while the other wheel is moved by cold power only.

Inebrius. The rapid wheel must convert a much greater quantity of grain into meal, in the course of a day. I should think, than the other.

Sagacity. You cannot always judge correctly from the first appearance of things. The wheel, now, in question, does indeed sometimes produce more meal, in the the course of a day, than the other; but not half as much in the course of a year.

Inebrius. Is it possible! What can be the occasion of it.

Sagacity. The wheel is often injured by the rapidity and violence of its motion;—the internal machinery of the mill put out of order, and the structure of the whole building shaken and enfeebled; insomuch that frequent repairs become necessary, the expense of which, and the interruption of milling, take from the establishment nearly all its profits.

Inebrius. Why, then, does the owner continue to employ them, instead of water, to carry on the business of his mill?

Sagacity. The owner is an *ardent* man. And such is the ardor of his temperament, that he disdains the judicious advice of his prudent and friendly neighbors, and insists, notwithstanding his mill has been less profitable than he had expected, from the mishaps that had occurred, yet that it will soon do well, and that he shall be greatly enriched by it. With this delusive expectation he has flattered himself until 'poverty has come upon him as one that travailleth, and his wants as an armed man,' while his neighbor, on the opposite side of the road, by the cold-water management of his mill, has become a wealthy, respectable and useful member of society.—Sagacity had hardly uttered the last sentence when the swiftly revolving wheel suddenly became completely deranged, and the visionary scene instantly disappeared.

Pauper. What effect had this singular event upon the mind of Inebrius?

Holdfast. Inebrius well understood the monitory instruction conveyed by the visionary scene, which he had been surveying; but while deliberating whether he would, or would not practically regard its entire import, his attention was again excited to the highest pitch, and his soul was filled with undefinable dread and amazement. A most august and tremendous scene burst upon his astonished view, while a dreadful, and astounding 'sound was in his ears.' It was the voice, as he believed, of the trump of God. The sound was 'long' and indescribably terrific. It 'waxed louder and louder.' Its all-pervading and startling energy penetrated the sepulchres of the countless myriads of the insensible dead; and raised them to renewed and conscious life, and summoned them to the dread tribunal of the impartial Judge of all, which was created in the middle region of the air. With inexpressible amazement he saw the innumerable multitude of the quickened dead assembling before that majestic tribunal. Meanwhile, from high heaven, descended the Judge of all, accompanied with a numerous train of resplendent attendants, seraphim and cherubim. 'He beheld till he did sit' on the throne of judgment in awful dignity. 'His garment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like pure wool. His throne was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before him. The judgment was set, and the books were opened, when there came a voice from the excellent 'glory'—'separate the goats from the sheep, the tares from the wheat, the bad from the good.' By the resplendent attendants of the authoritative Judge, the separation was instantaneously made. The good

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were arranged on the right, the bad on the left hand of the righteous and impartial Judge, when the irrevocable sentence was pronounced from his lips—Let '*these* go away into everlasting punishment, and *those* into life eternal.'

Inebrius, while he stood a terrified and trembling spectator, imagined that he saw the great and happy multitudes, on the right hand of the Judge, lift up their heads and with Him and his heavenly hosts 'ascend up to heaven in a cloud' with songs and everlasting joy.' But those on the left hand he saw, horror-stricken, descend into 'a yawning, and vast, and fiery deep.' Horror seized upon his soul, and while fearfully exclaiming—O their end—Their dreadful end! Lord of compassion! 'save me from going down to the pit,' the sublime, and terrific, and wonderful scene vanished from his view, when 'a still small voice,' falling upon his attentive ear, thus admonished him.—Trembling soul! 'seeing that you look for such things, be diligent that you may be found of your final Judge in peace, without spot and blameless.' And now go on your way with circumspection, and see that you no more offend either in word, or deed.

Pauper. I find to my great relief, if your narrative be true, that my case, however extraordinary, is not, as I had supposed, a solitary one.

Holdfast. The facts related are, I presume, as real, as any facts of the kind that ever happened to the imagination of man. Although I have not exactly used the words of Inebrius, yet I have done so in effect. Nor do I doubt that the scenes I have described, and which he related to me with great particularity, appeared to *him* as solemn realities; for when he had made an end of his wonderful narrative, he observed—I know not what to say or think of these things; but this I do know, that the various objects in the scenes, which were presented to my view, were, or seemed to be more visible, than the most prominent object, now before my eyes; and that the voices which I heard, or seemed to hear, were more audible and distinct than any words I have heard from your mouth.

Pauper. What effect had those scenes upon the conduct of Inebrius?

Holdfast. The effect was desirable. He immediately resolved, that he would have no friendly intercourse in future, with Alcohol, either in thought, word, or deed, and carried his resolution into effect.

Pauper. May we regard, do you think, such visionary scenes as *certainly* indicative either of good or evil?

Holdfast. I do not. I think it probable, however, that they have often been the occasion of both. It has frequently been the case that people of excitable, and enthusiastic turn of mind, especially at 'revival seasons,' have imagined that they have seen the Savior suspended on a cross—that they have heard unearthly and ravishing music—that some previous gospel promise has been supernaturally 'set home, upon their minds,' or that they have 'felt upon their souls' extraordinary and supernatural impressions, by the special operation of the Spirit of God. These things, they are very apt to conclude are unquestionable tokens of God's peculiar favor, and of their being the objects of his discriminating love. This conclusion is not unfrequently followed by the worst of consequences. Sometimes people, from a gloomy temperament, or from some incidental circumstance, imagine strange things, which sometimes reduce them almost to a state of despair, notwithstanding they may be pilgrims even 'of the better sort.' But little, however, can be known from these, and such-like things of the human character, or the particular designs of an overruling Providence. Regarding them, therefore, as of no special importance, let it be our object to improve them, in common with other events, discreetly, and with a view to add to a rational 'faith, virtue, and to virtue knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness and charity; for if these things be in us, and abound, we shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

From Ward's Miscellany.

IMPORTANCE OF MORAL INSTRUCTIONS.

By moral instructions we mean such as relate to integrity, piety, courtesy, courage, decision, modesty, prudence, temper, cheerfulness, frugality, gratitude, humility, benevolence, moderation, patience, perseverance, regularity, docility, veracity, temperance, and their opposites.

Who does not see that the happiness of the world is primarily dependent on the state of these mental qualities, which in most of our systems of education are yet abandoned to the influence of chance? Who does not feel that the most valuable instruction on these subjects must be alike precious to even opposite sectaries, whose disagreements are not generally about the qualities of fundamental morals, but mainly relate to the best method of propagating doctrines? And who will not admit to us, that it is from ignorance on those subjects that most of our young men miss their road in life? So that when they are overtaken with its storms, from not having knowledge of the moral armour, they are either driven to frivolous or guilty amusements, sink into dejection, and lose all self-respect, or fly to the miserable solace of infidelity, which by destroying the difference between good and evil, the connexion of man with the moral universe, and the accountability of his actions, makes 'free course' for the passions, and turns human life into an awful masquerade where superior animals, with angelic forms, play all the diversities of universal selfishness.

We therefore urge our self-educating reader to inquire whether he ought not first of all to secure correct *sentiments*, *feelings* and *practice*, on the above subjects, at least contemporaneously with the education of his intellectual qualities! and if for no other reason because the right education of the morals will make the development of the other powers more easy and safe, and their attainments more solid and beneficial. If we had permission to enlarge we should prefer no theme to illustrate the importance of this part of our subject to a review of the distinguished men, who in different stations of life have succeeded or failed, according to the state of their moral dispositions.

Lord Bacon is eternally disgraced for want of judicial *integrity*.

Dr Johnson lost half his influence in life from want of *courtesy*.

James II. lost his throne from want of *courage*.

Cranmer is contemptible from defective *decision*.

Newton's greatness is increased by his marvellous *modesty*.

Dr Horseley's genius will be always dishonored by his violent *temper*.

Milton, by *cheerfulness*, greatly relieved his complicated misfortunes.

Benjamin Franklin, and almost all men who have amassed fortunes, laid the foundation in *frugality*.

Burns was oppressed all through life by the effects of his *imprudence*.

Napoleon might have been saved before he had fallen at all, with a little *humility*.

Charles II. The Earl of Southampton partly supported Charles II. during his exile; served him many years in one of his chief offices, and even materially assisted in returning him to the throne, and yet that king refused Lady Russell, the daughter of the earl, merely one week's respite of her lord's life: this was monstrous *ingratitude*.

Sheridan was utterly lost for want of *temperance* and *frugality*.

John Howard has become immortal merely by his *benevolence* and *industry*.

Bishop Burnet, by his *moderation*, has secured the respect of all parties.

Columbus, by nearly thirty years *perseverance*, through discouragements, brought to light a new world.

Bunyan, by *patience* in prison, overcame his persecutors, and performed a work which will never be forgotten.

Doddridge, by *regularly* rising at *five, instead of seven*, and devoting those two hours to one work, wrote his 'Family Expositor;' irregularity is the besetting sin of genius.

Sir Walter Scott, by learning many of the local traditions, from the most superstitious of the Scotch peasantry, and by attentively studying their character, acquired the best materials in his imaginative works; such is the effect of *docility*.

Cromwell owed most of his greatness to his *decision*.

The Duke of Marlborough averted many of his calamities by *good temper*.

Andrew Marvel, though a poor representative of Hull, became terrible to the corrupt court of Charles II. by his *integrity*.

Judge Hale was in nothing greater than in generously *forgiving injuries*.

George III. will ever be endeared to the hearts of Englishmen from the *goodness of his domestic disposition* in spite of the defects of his government.

Instead of confining ourselves to the few instances we have just mentioned, illustrative of our remark, that the happiness of the world and the welfare of individuals chiefly depend on the *moral state* of the mind, we might have filled our pages with ten times the number, but we forbear. What might Chatterton, Savage, and Byron have become if they had attended to this subject? And what did Whitefield, Defoe, and Marvel achieve by its pure influence?

THE FATE OF INFIDEL GEOLOGY.

More than a century ago, Bishop Berkley recorded the following sentiment, which is not more admirable for its elegance than for its truth:

'Skeptical philosophers may think for a time that these boasted discoveries are irreconcilable with revelation. They may raise the sandhills of their systems, and think from them to demolish the divine word. Vain and impotent theory! Some unfortunate discovery, as science advances, demolishes the whole by a single roll of its mighty waters, and the next wave washes it into eternal oblivion.'—*Minute Philosopher.*

To the truth of this prediction, we have the following testimonies from two of the first class of geologists:

'The grand fact of an *universal deluge*, at no very remote period, is proved on grounds so decisive and incontrovertible, that had we not heard of such an event from Scripture, or any other authority, geology itself must have called in the assistance of such catastrophe to explain the phenomena of diluvian action, which are universally presented to us, and, which are unintelligible without recourse to a deluge exerting its ravages at a period not more remote than that announced in the book of Genesis.'—*Professor Buckland.*

'I am of opinion with MM. Delue, and Dolmieu, that if there is any circumstance *thoroughly established* in geology, it is, that the crust of our globe has been subjected to a great and sudden revolution, the epoch of which cannot be dated much farther back than five or six thousand years ago; and that this revolution had buried all the countries which were before inhabited by men, and by the other animals that are now best known.' * * * * * 'The books of Moses show us, that he had perfect ideas respecting several of the highest questions of natural philosophy. His cosmogony, especially, considered merely in a scientific view, is extremely remarkable, inasmuch as the order which it assigns to the different epochs of creation, is precisely the same as that which has been deduced from geological considerations.'—*Cuvier.*

DR COOPER OF S. C.

This gentleman, who may be considered a fanatic in infidelity, presided for a long time over the College of South Carolina, until under his auspices, that institution was nearly destroyed. Public feeling, at length, demanded his removal. The College was reorganized, and under other influences, has been resuscitated, and may now rank with the first institutions in the country. On his removal, the Legislature, in consideration of his services in the cause of nullification, granted him a retiring pension, under cover of a commission to compile the laws of the State. In the first volume, he took occasion to insert a note containing political doctrines repugnant to a large minority of the people of South Carolina, and, from the proceedings of the Legislature, we perceive he has, in the 2nd volume, vented his hatred to the Christian religion, through the medium of a note on the subject of witchcraft. The matter having been mentioned in the House, the Doctor, in alarm for his salary, addressed a letter to the Speaker, in which he explained and vindicated his motives in introducing the note, but expressed his regret on the subject, as it had met the disapprobation of persons for whom he had the highest respect, and it was far from his intention to offend any one. It concluded with an offer, on the part of Dr Cooper, to suppress the present edition of the volume, and issue a new one at his own expense, with the offensive note expunged. It was referred to the committee on the Judiciary, and we have not seen what disposition was made of the subject.—*Fred. Arena.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

One hour only between the old year and the new—that which has been with its varied tale and that which with its opening prospect, its unwritten page is yet to be. An hour surely of unusual interest calling up thoughts more solemn than even midnight is wont to call. Let slumber be stayed till this interval be passed.

The closing year—like the thousands which have been and yet how different. The same sun indeed by day, and by night the same bright moon and stars. The beautiful seasons too have come, kind ministers of God, as they ever come. The glorious winter telling of his power, the glad spring, the sunny summer, the rich autumn, these in their turn have each blessed us and gone. The outward universe for the most part has worn the same garb it ever wore—The sky has been painted in the same mellow colours, the earth has been covered with the same verdure, and lovely flowers have sprung from her bosom. Bright birds have filled the air with their sweet melody; the trees have spread out their heavy foliage; the deep forests have waved and uttered their many-toned voice; inward and outward has the sea continually rolled; the ocean has been dashed by storms and again sleeping in peace. All this indeed is as it ever has been. Possibly the cold misanthrope, whose sympathies range not beyond himself, sees nothing in the past year by which it shall be marked—of the inward world he hardly knows. Men he regards as things; and their works, occupations, plans, pursuits, have all in his eye been uninterrupted.

But not so with many. Say, has not the last year, much as it may have resembled others, a character peculiarly its own? Has it not been shaded in hues of gladness and of grief, such as no other has ever borrowed? How shall I fitly set forth the changes which its hours have brought round? Into how many happy circles has death entered, leaving there the bitterness of bereavement! It is solemn to reflect at this season on those who have been taken from us, the many as we think in our little villages, our towns and cities. There is yet a reflection more solemn than this. What throngs from the whole surface of our earth, from this population of nine hundred millions, have within the past year been swept away by disease, by accident and by the sword. The infant, the young man and maiden, with the aged, —the honored and the useful with the outcast and the vile, have all been called hence. Their departure has left on the old year a peculiar impress. How many mourning ones will attest this truth? To the young bride, who has parted with him in whom her very life was bound up; to the mother, who has laid her lovely child in the dust; to the fond father, whose hopes have thus been blasted; to the affectionate child, from whom a parent has been taken; to the sister, or the brother, who miss one from their side, no year has been, or shall be like the last. The joyous spring and the leafy summer may come again, autumn and winter with their charms and stores; but around the year that has now gone, cluster associations which can attach to no other. With the returning seasons, the friends, whose pleasant faces we miss, will not return; and while in our hearts we cherish a sense of their character and loveliness, the memory of their departure shall rise ever in our mind and shed a holy coloring over the year in which their valued forms were left at the grave.

I may not dwell on the many occasions of sadness which distinguish the old year. Varied reverses of fortune, sudden accidents, threatening sickness, a thousand changes throwing their shadows over the mind, have all helped to mark it. It has been marked tooby gladness as well as grief. How many bright hours has it numbered! Come they not back now to our remembrance, yet bright, more joyous than any we have known? Shall not their memory long live, casting over life a glad light, hallowing the year that has just gone? Oh the joy that in this little circle of months has burst from happy, grateful hearts over all the surface of our earth. For many a conquest made over sin, for all the power which the spirit has acquired over temptation and passion, for any new step, taken in the way of duty, for any sensible progress towards virtue and God, surely a gladness has sprung up in the breast, not of earth but of heaven, impressing distinctive features on the closing year.

And has not the bridal its tale to tell as we turn over the pages of the old year? To the many, who during its course, have been united in that relation on which the favor of man has smiled, and the blessing of God been invoked, it speaks as no other has spoken, or shall speak. Tears fall at the bridal;—they point us to a holy philosophy. It is a solemn hour that thus forever pledges the affections, thus linking the heart of one, come weal, or woe, with the heart of another, and reverently calling on God to attest its sincerity and bestow his benediction. Shall any one think lightly of that hour? I speak not alone of the varied changes which wait on the marriage season;—the severing as it were of other ties, which years and love have strengthened; the departure from childhood's home, no more at morning, at noon and night to make one of the number with parents, brothers and sisters around the glad board, the new duties, the strange future, this indeed and much more like it may well invest that season with a character which no time shall wholly efface. With and yet above all does the open transfer of the affections, in which enter religious sacred rites, sounding to the depths of the human heart, thus dealing with what lies lowest and immortal within, stamp itself on the memory, forever associated with place and time. Even when man in his wickedness has shamefully abused the affection thus transferred, violating all holy promises, disregarding all duties his relation has imposed, an outcast from society and from her whom he has wronged, often in the midst of dark crime will he turn with momentary fondness and regret to that season which bore the record of his marriage vows. To what multitudes of our race has the closing year been thus marked in lines, which on no other have been, or shall be traced!

But no more of the old year—the new is close at hand. We may not look behind the veil which hides its scenes and its history—What and how shall it be? Thus much let us venture in reply—Like the thousands which have been, and yet different from all—to ourselves perhaps, how different! stronger piety and virtue, hope, disappointment, fear, success, failure, temptation, sin, dark crime, the bridal and the burial, all are to come—shall they come to us?

The hour has gone by, and the new year begun. Happy season this for serious thought, for calm retrospection, for new resolution. Uncertain as may be the year, if but true to the glorious nature God has given us, to the law he has written on our hearts, and to the blessed volume of his written will, we shall be prepared for its opening scenes and fear not the record it shall bear concerning us at its close. On then to its duties, to whatsoever it may have in store, prosperous or adverse, with a firm spirit, a glad hope, an unfaltering trust.

F. A. W.

For the Register and Observer.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.—No. 1.

'There is in every human heart
Some not completely barren part,
Where seeds of love and truth might grow
And flowers of generous virtue blow.
To plant, to watch, to water there—
This be our duty, be our care.'

In any pursuit in which we may have engaged, in any path of duty on which we may have entered; it is perhaps well occasionally to pause and inquire, what objects we are pursuing, and to what point they tend; inquire if they are worthy the interest we bestow upon them, and if so, what progress we are making, what we have done, what yet remains to be done, whether we have done well, and if we may not still do better. To us, who are engaged in the high and holy duty of imparting religious instruction to the little circle who duly as the Sabbath returns, gather around us, to us such pauses, like land-marks to the traveller, show us how much ground has been passed over, and what remains before us—and as they point *him* to the termination of his journey, so do they encourage *us* in the attainment of our object. The duty of the sincere and devoted Sabbath school teacher is indeed one of no common interest, whether viewed in reference to the importance of the subject itself, to the good to be attained, or the evil to be avoided. At a period when so much is said and done on the subject of education in general, when the grand watchword is 'onward,' 'onward,' to detail its advantages, as raising man in the scale of being, as distinguishing the civilized from the savage, as increasing the sum of mental and moral power,—as giving an impulse which will be lasting as the never dying soul,—all this might seem self-evident and familiar as a 'thrice told tale.' We would here speak of the system of Sabbath school instruction, of that, which by one deeply imbued with the spirit of pious philanthropy was termed 'the best of all charities,' because that which affects the character reaches the springs of action, and influences man through his whole being. When we reflect too, that each individual, each child that we meet in our Sabbath school, must exert an influence upon others as he comes forward to act his allotted part in the great drama of life, that the circle in which that influence is felt either for good or evil is widening and widening, as other minds partake his spirit, and communicate it still to others—and then, too, as each generation educates that which is to follow it; what strong and painful reasons are there for the pious, the intelligent, the educated, to devote a portion of their energies to this great work. As Unitarian Christians, as feeling and valuing above all price, that love and holy faith once delivered to the saints, and deeply sensible as we are or ought to be of our privilege in possessing a faith which glories in the test of reason and revelation, surely we are under peculiar obligations to impart to others the blessed light which we enjoy, and thus manifest our gratitude that Christian truth has dawned upon our minds. No mind of even common powers of reasoning and reflection, no heart of common susceptibility and feeling, can doubt that the formation of a religious character should be the grand object of our existence, that the preparation for *another life* should be the engrossing object, the chief business of *this*; that in every situation, under all circumstances from infancy to old age, from the cradle to the grave, this should be the one leading point, the point to which all else should tend. It is in this view only, that events, that the different situations in which we are placed, assume any real importance—as they affect our characters, as they aid in giving a tone to our minds, as they influence our hearts, so far are they really and vitally important, and no farther; in any other point of view they are temporary and passing, and he who forms not such an estimate of the world, who thinks not thus of his own destiny and responsibility, who has not made the star of Bethlehem his guiding star, has lived in vain and worse than in vain. And if a deep, solemn, and abiding faith be thus essential to our happiness here and hereafter, what is the inference? Can it be too early impressed on the mind? Should not the ardor of youthful feeling be enlisted on the side of holiness and of God, should not the best energies of the heart be called forth, ere the world has put in its claims, or its thousand snares wholly engrossed it? Now is the time when religious instruction may be so twined around it, so blended with all its hopes and affections, that temptation in after life, may in vain assail it, and the associations of youth, the remembrances of the past, the hopes for the future, all tending to this point, may by their concentrated power, produce that warmth of devotion, that genuine love of goodness, so rarely the growth of a soil which has once been choked by the weeds of worldliness and vice—We advance but a few steps in life, before we learn what disappointment is; our first lessons are those which it teaches us, our hopes are disappointed, or if realized, what was so bright in the distant future, loses its charm when present; if religion be not there to fill the void, we in vain seek it from earth, it never has, it never will fill the heart which has deep susceptibilities of happiness, it never will fill the mind whose powers are capable of never ending advancement. Shall we not then anticipate the wants of the soul, shall we not deprive the world of its power to wound, by seeking early to give religious truth its influence over the heart? And who that has ever analyzed his own character, that has traced the power of early impressions on his own mind, will not say that it is important that all these impressions should be on the side of virtue, that the love of God, of duty and of moral excellence, should be the first lessons which he receives. We do not say that all are equally gifted by nature, with powers which may win fame and distinction, that all the differences which prevail, are but the result of accident, that the giants in intellect are so, merely from a combination of fortunate *circumstances*, but we do believe much in their power to modify character; the merest trifle, a word, perhaps forgotten as soon as said, may make a deep and lasting impression, may exert an influence on the mind, which is on the watch for every thing, which looks to its superiors in wisdom and in virtue to guide its ideas and form its opinions. No one can question this, who remembers the uncertain process of his own reasoning, often interrupted by doubts and difficulties to him who remembers with what trembling interest he first tried to grasp the ideas of God and of eternity, ideas so vast as to bewilder and alarm. Then it is that each word, each action which can have a bearing upon such subjects is noted, then it is that a character is forming, that a mind is moulding, which is to endure longer than aught of earth. To be sensible of this, we need not look at the facts constantly presented by those deeply sunk in vice, how many a condemned criminal, at the bar of earthly judgment, or when the yet more solemn hour arrived, which was to sever soul and body asunder, how many such an one, has declared that the want of early religious instruction, the contagion of vice around him, in the absence of any counteracting principle, had led him astray, and made him what he was. To the testimony of one, a noted criminal, we may look, who says that when a child, he was in the habit of occasionally attending church, and his attention was arrested by the displays of divine truth, his mind prepared to receive the good seed which might have brought forth a hundred fold; but the addresses which he heard, were made generally to all, not individually to him; he required exertion directed to the one point, appeals to *his conscience*, just such instruction as the Sabbath school would have afforded—but as he expressed himself 'Sabbath schools came fifteen years too late for me'—and a character which might have shone like a star in the moral firmament, was sunk deeply in guilt, and debased by crime.

W.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JANUARY 6, 1838.

With this first number of a new volume of the Register, its subscribers and readers will please to accept our thanks for the favor with which they have hitherto regarded our humble efforts to minister to their edification and entertainment, and at the same time, our very sincere wish for a 'Happy New Year' to all and to each.

We know not how it may be with others, but for one, we have always felt as if there were an intimate, kindly, and important relationship subsisting between the Patrons and the Editor of a 'Religious and Family Newspaper'—a sort of domestic affinity, a fireside sympathy. We instinctively come to feel a strong personal interest in those for whom we plan, and write, and make selections, whose wants and wishes, tastes, ages, and stations, we continually carry in our mind, with more or less distinctness, in order that our large and promiscuous epistle may be welcome at its periodical visit.

Let any smile if he will—we do cherish a real love towards all those who regularly receive our sheet into their houses, and hospitably entertain it, and, it may be, sometimes apply it to the beguiling of a Sabbath hour.

We often pay an imaginary visit to the domestic circles into which the Register finds its way, and smile to see their joy, or weep to note their woe. And when we are making up the paper—decide that this or that article shall be admitted, because it will just suit good *Aunt A.* or please venerable *Grandmother B.* whose instructions of wisdom we would go far every Saturday night to hear, as she sits in her own arm-chair, on her own side of the hearth, alternately musing and enlightening her descendants with her pleasant discourse: or, because *Father* may deign to notice it when he has put on his slippers, after tea—or, the *Children* (may Heaven bless them all, as they are often in our thoughts) be baited by it to imbibe a valuable moral lesson; or, because the tearful eye of some newly bereft friend may chance to fall upon it and find 'true heart's-ease in it: or because it contains a medicine for doubt, an antidote for fear, or an incentive to brotherly love and to good works, which may be precisely, the one thing needful for C or D or Y—(We believe the Proprietor's long list of subscribers does not quite exhaust the capitals) and certainly can do an injury to none.

But more than all the rest, do we love to fancy ourself going the rounds of the *Brotherhood*: looking in upon their sweet and hallowed *Pastor's* firesides—or warmly and most sympathetically shaking hands with them in their quiet Study, on the last night of the preparation; longing to whisper into the ear of the perplexed and overburdened, 'Be of good cheer, my Brother, you are not alone, and you shall not fail;' or to stand aside and feast upon the kindling rapture of him, who is soaring triumphantly towards a glorious peroration on the pinions of a heaven-commissioned idea; or to sit quietly down and sip ambrosial comfort with those who have 'got safely through,' or, who anticipate loving aid from some roving Angel of *the Church-at-large* —whose visit's are few indeed, &c.

Thus and so, and for still other, but unmentioned reasons, we do feel no small attachment to the majority of our Readers; which, it is not of course to be expected that they can much return, or understand, or, it may be, even give us credit for perfect sincerity in professing. And yet we trust that they all do sometimes consider that an Editor is *human*—no more, and yet no less—having a heart—eager for sympathy—sensible officially, to slights and taunts, as well as to kindnesses and gentle tones—standing in much need of friendly allowance and charitable constructions; liable to perpetrate various errors both in regard to facts and language, and to put forth many light thoughts, like all other great talkers—wishing to serve his friends, and this and that author or projector, yet *obliged* to have a *conscience* of his own, and a taste and opinions too—and, finally, and most especially, needing the aid, and feeling himself *entitled* to the aid (for the term of good behavior) of all those who feel real interest in the success of, or any ability to promote that good cause, whatsoever it may be in which his paper is an instrument.

When we wish our readers a Happy New Year, then, it is something more than a mere formal repetition of the hackneyed phrase. There is a glow upon the heart while we write the words; and Heaven sees as much of that sincerity and earnestness, which make wishes *prayers*, in our salutation, as in those of many who have no disputed right to subscribe themselves friends.

In fine we are but one, a *small* one, among ten thousand. Our office is to hold as it were a *Contribution Box*, according to the measure and value of whose contents, shall light and truth and love be diffused more and more widely abroad, and increased and confirmed in their empire at home. We drop in our mite—all that we have to give—from week to week, in a holier name than our own, and with an earnest intent, we offer it to all and pass it round. Is not the cause worthy? Have you no influence, no useful thoughts, no timely suggestions, no kindly feelings that you can bestow? Brethren, who will give?

We understand that on Christmas Eve, the Unitarian Church in Nashua, was crowded so that hundreds went away unable to gain admission. The church was very tastefully and appropriately decorated, and brilliantly lighted. The efforts of Mr Osgood are spoken of in high terms, and the other performances are said to have been in perfect keeping.

A friend has sent the following notice of the occasion.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

CHRISTMAS AT NASHUA.

Nashua, Dec. 26th.

Our festival here on Christmas eve was truly a happy jubilee. It was a feast of brotherly love, in which all sectarian distinctions were forgotten and all denominations met together to celebrate the birth of the common Master.

Our church was very simply and beautifully decorated with evergreen, and with its tasteful architecture and brilliant illumination presented an enchanting spectacle. At a long time before the services commenced every seat was filled and the aisles crowded. There were a thousand present and apparently as many more, many of our own society among them, went away, unable to get admission. There were people of every Christian name present, and joy and love seemed to beam from every face. More feeling and deep feeling too was excited, than we ever witnessed at any religious meeting.

There was one old man, eighty-five years old, who came from Hudson on the other side the river to attend the services. Being somewhat infirm, he was furnished with the vacant seat in the pulpit, and his venerable gray head seemed to impress all hearts, and was owned to be the best of all the decorations of the scene. The old man said, that his prayer that morning was all about Christmas, and that his happy feelings in the evening were more than an answer to his prayer.

Much good may come out of these festivals, in which all Christians may unite as on common ground. Our societies in this vicinity, Lowell, Groton, Lyttleton, Fitchburgh, Keene, all kept the Christmas jubilee. May the custom spread until every community shall by solemn rites be made mindful of the day, when the angel song pealed forth 'Glory to God, on earth peace, good will towards men.'

We take the following lines from the Worcester Palladium. They are creditable alike to the heart and the taste of the writer. We know of no more fitting subjects for *New Year Gift's* than those whose condition resembles that of the little girl whose touching case suggested this pathetic strain.

All such are our little sisters; and our Father in Heaven has entrusted them to our care; and God forbid that we should leave them to seek their daily food amongst the offal of the streets, while we have bread enough and to spare.

Mr Editor,—In your last paper I noticed a short paragraph, taken from the N. Y. Express, saying that a little bare-footed girl was seen a few days ago in Chatham street, picking up some frozen turnip parings and eating them. This incident suggested the following lines.

Ah! wretched litt'e mendicant,
Barefoot amid the driving snow,
Thy haggard looks bespeak the want,
That presses so.

When thou dost see these stately d
These spacious piles, with wealth
These elegant and lordly homes,
Th' abodes of pride,

And feel what want and misery fi
And, in thy cheerless pathway, start,
I dare not think what pangs must thrill
Thy little heart.

And, when the young trip on to school,
When biting Boreas' breezes blow,
Wrapt warmly up, in fur and wool,
'Gainst cold and snow,

While thou these tatter'd rag dost wear,
That scarcely to thy body cling,
My bosom bleeds, to think what are
Thy thoughts, poor thing!

When through the market thou dost go,
And see such piles of plenty strown,
Profusely, all along, and know
That none's thy own;

And, almost famished, thread the street,
For frozen crumbs that thou dost see
And which the dogs refuse to eat,
I feel for thee.

And when I see those nurseries stand,
At every turn, where thou dost go,
Where moral buds are taught t'expand,
And, lovely, grow;

And see *thy* mind, untrained, untaught,
And think what woes from ignorance pour,
Although *thou* now dost feel it not,
I feel it more.

How can the rich enjoy their gold?
The gay flit on so full of glee?
When they at every turn behold
Such misery!

Though leagues and leagues from thee, my place,
Yet often, sitting at my meal,

I see thy wan dejected face,
And keenly feel.

When, at my fire, composed and warm,
Or, sunk within my downy bed,
I've seen thy shivering, hedless form,
My heart has bled. THETA.

TENDENCY OF CAMP MEETINGS.

Rev. T. H. Norris, Editor of the Methodist paper, published in Boston, has commenced in his columns a course of remarks whose design is to prove that very pernicious effects have often resulted from Camp Meetings as they have been conducted by the Methodist in New England.

We copy the following from the Olive Branch of Dec. 23.

We promised some remarks on this mooted subject. We stated in a late number of our Journal, that reflecting Congregationalists, Baptists and Methodists, are persuaded these excitements have been pushed too far. At another time, we shall publish some extracts from the 'Christian Watchman,' the organ of the Calvinist Baptists, to substantiate our assertion; we can refer to some of the first names in that Church on that subject, as also in the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches, but we confine principally at this time, our remarks to Methodists; we observe a great sensitiveness on this subject, and we are told that we put a weapon into the hands of our enemies; they tell us that we are playing into the hands of our Universalist and Unitarian rivals. Such arguments have no influence on us; where, in any point those Christian communities seem to be in the right, we are proud to adopt their views. We should be more likely to injure our cause, by covering, or palliating what the common sense of all must condemn. Such excesses are no part of Orthodox Methodism, if they are, the sooner they are lopped off, the better. We promised some facts to prove that insanity, disqualification for social duties, and disrelish for the ordinary means of grace, are often produced by these meetings as conducted by Methodists in New England. Indeed, excesses in this respect, are not confined to these meetings, we have seen them in much smaller circles; but to the point. 1st, they promote insanity. It has been doubted by some, whether such results are often produced, and we are requested to give names and dates for individual cases. We at first thought to have done so, but on the second thought it must wound and harrow the feelings of many a dear family circle, and lacerate minds already too sore, by making the wide circle of our readers acquainted with the tale of their woe, which they wish as far as possible to brood over in secresy and silence; but those who have mingled most extensively in the population, most influenced by these meetings and consequent excitements, know something of the melancholy tale we can unfold, and how many are even now bleeding at heart, over the ruined minds of some friends dear to them as life. Would not the physicians of our hospitals, public and private, do a public charity to make a report of the cases that come under their observation. Omitting fresh instances, and those more private, we may be permitted to allude to some circumstances and facts a little more public, and of so long standing as not to wound the feelings of the parties concerned. In 1810-11, we were stationed on Union Circuit, Maine, in company with Nathan B. Ashcraft of N. H. We attended in the summer of 1810, a camp-meeting at Hamden joining Bangor, on the Penobscot River, in the then Province of Maine. At different times, there were 4 to 6000 persons in attendance. The meeting passed most pleasantly without any overwhelming excitement, until the Sabbath, when the Rev. Joshua Randall preached a sermon on the sources of enjoyment of the blest in Heaven. He began by stating the smaller causes, which impart joy in that bright world, and so ascended by climax in that exhaustless subject, until all his believing hearers were wrought up to the highest possible state of extatic enjoyment; his glowing imagination and rush of feeling, had melted his hearers like wax before the fire. Here, perhaps the congregation wanted rest; but as he sat down, the fore-named N. B. Ashcraft arose. He was a man subject to the most morbid action of the nerves, he made a most ghastly appearance, his eyes were sunken in his head, his whole countenance fallen, his person inclined, his hand upon the pit of his stomach, and his speech proceeded by a hollow, loud, and deathly hectic; his first words hardly audible, his sentences short and broken, at unusual intervals; by degrees, he attained a measure of animation which every moment increased, his voice soon became clear and sonorous, his person became erect and graceful, his eye brightened, and shot out an unearthly fire, his whole countenance beamed as with a superhuman animation; in a moment as if spell-bound, he chained the congregated thousands—his voice though unbroken, swelled to a stentorian height. Which ever way he turned, heaven's own lightning could scarcely produce a more withering influence on that vast assembly. They fell in every direction by scores, as if struck dead by a thunderbolt; a wail, a shriek, and simultaneous shudder of horror, as if from thousands in the dying agony at once arose. More hardy than the rest stood Capt. S. and twelve seamen belonging to a foreign merchant-man. The Captain and his men stood in a wild laugh; the speaker at once turned his piercing eye to that point, at the same moment giving his hand the same direction, he cried with a voice of thunder, 'My God! strike down that hardened sinner, and his heaven daring companions.' In the twinkling of an eye, the Captain and his men uttering a broken wail, fell to the earth motionless, and apparently dead At this time, more than two hundred persons lay helpless, stretched like the slain in battle, on the bare earth. Several physicians were called, as it was thought the Captain was nearly dead; his veins were opened in several places, but the congealed blood refused to flow. It was full fourteen hours before he drew a full and natural breath; and was able to give signs of returning life, by uttering a groan or a shriek. Our readers can judge whether such powerful excitements do not promote—indeed do not actually produce insanity.

We have received the first No. of a new periodical entitled 'The Family Visitor and Academical Register.' Published quarterly by John Hayward, Author of the Columbian Traveller, Religious Creeds, &c. &c. Published by Weeks, Jordan, & Co.

It is to be devoted to the dissemination of [illegible]t information respecting our common [illegible]s, and the progress of literature in colleges [illegible] other institutions for the higher branches [illegible]ucation in the United States; which is not only due to themselves, but to those who are desirous of selecting proper situations for the education of youth committed to their care. The following is extracted from the Introduction.

Parents and guardians wish to know something more than that numerous and flourishing institutions of this kind exist in our country; —they wish to learn their location, character, and prospects; the teachers' names, terms of tuition, price of board, and other important facts, to guide them in making judicious selections for their children.

This applies particularly to seminaries for the education of females. Some of these are justly celebrated, while many, of great merit, are but little known beyond the limits of the towns in which they are located.

It is thought that a publication of this kind, if well conducted, and favored with the assistance of those who have the immediate management of our literary establishments, both public and private, will elicit, in a short time, a useful Register of these interesting institutions.

The present number contains only a few notices—merely as specimens of the manner in which it is desirable that contributions for the Register department should be written.

In the Family Visitor, connected with every number of the Register, will be given a variety of information, which, it is hoped, will prove useful to the public, and be found worthy of preservation.

James Munroe & Co. have sent us the Christian Examiner and General Review, for January 1338.

CONTENTS.—Dabney's Edition of Tyndale's Testament—Tennyson's Poems—Ends of a Business Life—Writings of Charles Lamb—Biographical Notices of Dr. Worcester—Noyes's Translations of the Prophets—Notices and Intelligence—Index.

We have received the 5th and last part of Stories from Real Life, designed to teach true independence and domestic economy. Published in New York, by S. Colman, 114 Fulton street; and in Boston by Weeks, Jordan & Co.

It is a very good and appropriate finale to the entertaining and useful series.

We have been informed that the Unitarian Society in New Bedford, have given a call to Rev. Ephraim Peabody to be their Minister, and at the same time, to Mr J. H. Morrison to be a Colleague pastor with Mr P.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

An Auxiliary Association has been formed in North Andover, of which the Rev. Mr Loring is Agent. Likewise in Framingham, Rev. Mr Barry Agent.

The Treasurer of the A. U. A. acknowledges the receipt of the following sums.

From three individuals in the Rev. Mr Loring's Society in North Andover (who become life-members of the Association by paying the requisite sum at different installments.) $15,00

From Mrs Harriet N. Holland, wife of Mr F. W. Holland of Brooklyn, N. Y. to constitute her a life-member. 30,00

From a young man in the Rev. Mr Muzzey's Society, Cambridge Port, to constitute himself a life member. 30,00

From the 2d Church in Boston 27,14

From the Auxiliary Association in Charleston S. C. 30,00

From the Nashua Aux'y Association 50,00

From the Rev. Mr Miles's Society in Lowell, by Rev. H. Ware, Jr. 37,00

From the Aux'y Ass'n in Keene N. H. 59,00

From the Auxiliary Association in Providence R. I. 50,00

From a lady in Roxbury by Rev. Geo. Putnam 3,00

From the Federal Street Auxiliary Association 125.75

From the Nantucket Auxiliary Ass'n 25,00

From the Sandwich Auxiliary Ass'n 27,00

☞ The communication, and contents, from H. came safely to hand. This and former instances of kindness will be long and gratefully remembered.

INTELLIGENCE.

Organization of the Municipal Government.—The City Government was organized Monday morning at City Hall. The Common Council was called to order by Mr Williams, and a quorum being found present, Mr Edwards was charged with a message to the Board of Aldermen, who subsequently appeared, and prayers were offered in convention, by Rev. Dr Parkman. The oaths of office were then administered by Chief Justice Shaw to the Mayor, and by the Mayor to the Alderman and Common Council.

The Mayor then addressed the City Council, recommending the erection of a new Jail at South Boston—urging the introduction of pure water—proposing the erection of a City Hall—and increase of the Police—commending the present Fire Department—noticing the subject of Pauperism, and the prosperity of the public Schools. The two Boards then separated.

In Common Council, Philip Marett was unanimously re-elected President, and Richard G. Wait was unanimously re-elected Clerk of the Council.

The Boards then met in convention, and Samuel F. McCleary was unanimously re elected City Clerk.—*Transcript.*

The Eastern Railroad.—We have recently had an opportunity of passing over the line of the Eastern Railroad, from East Boston to Salem, and were gratified to observe the rapid progress which has been made in the work. The bridges and masonry are finished in a substantial manner, and the grading on about nine tenths of the distance is completed. The season thus far has been favorable for the progress of the work and there seems to be no reason to doubt that the grading will be completed early in the spring. If the work is prosecuted with the same vigor as heretofore, it bids fair to be ready for the reception of the cars by midsummer. The route is remarkably direct, and free from objectionable curves and inclinations. An unusually large portion of the road is strait and level. The road, across the Marshes is formed without piling, by an embankment of earth, hauled considerable distances by means of rail cars, on temporary rail tracks. A great part of the whole road bed is formed of excellent gravel.—[Advertiser.

West Point.—We are informed that Col. De Russy, the superintendent of the military academy, has signified his intention to resign that honorable post, and that he will be succeeded by Lt Col. Thayer, his predecessor; the latter officer having consented to resume the command, on condition that his government shall not be interfered with, as has been done heretofore, on light and transient considerations.—[N. Y. Commercial.

The 217th anniversary of the Landing of the Fathers was suitably commemorated by the Pilgrim Society. The celebration was of a domestic character, confined principally to our own citizens. The superstition which Miss Martineau says exists among us, that the weather on this occasion is always favorable, may have gained new strength, as the day was clear and fine. At the hour appointed, a procession was formed at Pilgrim Hall, which marched under the escort of that respectable corps, the Standish Guards to the meeting-house of the Rev. Dr Kendall, where the usual religious services were performed, and an address delivered by the Rev. R. B. Hall, of this town.

The address was highly creditable to the taste and scholarship of the speaker. From the shortness of the notice given to the orator, he had little time for preparation, but he was evidently well versed in the history of our country and its pious and intrepid founders. Mr Hall gave a plain and perspicuous account of the rise of the Puritans in England, their banishment to Holland, and final settlement in this country. He let the Pilgrims as much as possible tell their own story; and the passages from the memorials they have left us, were beautiful and happily selected. This story has not been told for some time in an anniversary oration, and much of it, especially the early history of the Puritans and their adventures in the passage to Holland, was undoubtedly new to many of the audience, and interesting to all. The orator eloquently referred to the two striking characteristics of our ancestors, Liberty and Religion, and to the powerful influence which the latter exerted over their lives and conduct. In his commentary on their characters, Mr Hall took occasion to vindicate them from the charges of intolerance and bigotry, with which they are often assailed. The duties devolving upon us as descendants of men so illustrious, were suitably enforced; and a rapid glance at the present condition and flattering prospects of our country, closed this chaste and appropriate performance.—*Plymouth Memorial.*

Timely Relief.—The ship Henry Kneeland, from Anguilla, at New York, was boarded off the Highlands, by the new U. S. cutter Washington, Capt. Hunter, who supplied her with provisions, and also put on board an officer and seven men, to work her into port, as the ship had only five men at the time able to do duty.

Affray in the Arkansas Legislature.—We learn from a passenger on board a steamboat, the following particulars of a fatal affray in the Legislature of Arkansas, between the Speaker, Mr Wilson, and one of the members, Mr J. J. Anthony, in which the latter was killed. We are informed that in the course of some remarks of Mr A. the Speaker becoming offended, he descended from the Speaker's chair to the floor of the Hall, where the controversy was continued. In the course of the rencontre, the Speaker received a stab from a knife, and shot his antagonist through the body. After the affair the Speaker tendered his resignation, which the House refused to receive, but proceeded immediately to prefer charges and specifications of impeachment against him He was tried and expelled by a vote of more than thirty, only four voting in his favor. We have not understood whether the subject was to undergo a legal investigation or not, but suppose it will.—*St. Louis Republican.*

His Excellency the Governor in Chief, has issued a Proclamation enjoining on all her Majesty's loyal subjects in this Province, to abstain from any acts contrary to the relations of peace and amity, which subsist between the United Kingdom and the United States of America.—*Quebec Gazette, Dec. 22.*

Triumvirate of Booksellers.—Three individuals, at this moment, have almost monopolized the bookselling trade in Germany. The most powerful of these is Baron Cotta, the proprietor of the Allgemeine Zeitung. Baron Cotta is likewise the proprietor of six literary periodicals of a high standing, and of several others of an interior rank, and is said to have from three to four hundred editors in his pay. He is proprietor of the copyright of all the works of Goethe, Schiller, Herder, and Ughland. The second of these literary grandees is Reimer, of Berlin, who owns the copyright of all the works of Jean Paul, Tiek, Klest, Johannes v. Muller, Novallis and Schlegel. The third is Brockhaus, of Leipsic, proprietor of the Conversation-Lexicon, which alone occupies more than one hundred literary men. Brockhaus is likewise the publisher of a most colossal encyclopedia, which, when finished, will consist of at least 200 volumes; and he is now on the point of undertaking the publication of a new daily paper.

The Rev. Mr Kincaid, a missionary of the American Baptist Board in Burmah, records the following example of the training of heathen children in idolatry:—

'This morning, saw a company of boys and girls, in their best clothes, collecting in the streets to go and worship at the pagodas. One had a brass gong, which he struck with a small stick, to call the rest; others followed with flowers and small wax tapers, which they designed offering to the idol. This was in imitation of the old people, who are to be seen doing the same early in the morning, and late in the evening. In the evening they carry lamps with them. If those persons who are not friendly to missions could have seen the same group of interesting children ignorantly following in the steps of their parents, it appears to me they could not remain indifferent to their welfare. They would try to do something towards enlightening their minds, and bringing them from the worship of idols to serve the living and true God.'

The Rev. Mr Judson reports that he has finished the revision of the New Testament in Burmese, and it was expected to be entirely printed several months ago. In 1836, 19 Burmese, 323 Karens, and 16 foreigners, were baptized at the four stations, in Burmah; and the whole number baptized, from the beginning of the mission, is 207 Burmese, 734 Karens, and 208 foreigners. Total 1149.—*Christian Witness.*

Missionary Voyage to Japan.—The Journal of Commerce gives the following, on the authority of Canton papers to Aug. 29:

In the beginning of July last the ship Morrison, Capt, David Ingersoll, sailed from China for Japan, having on board as passengers, Mr King, of the house of Messrs. Olyphant & Co. of Canton, his lady, and three missionaries, Rev. Charles Gutzlaff, Dr Parker, and Mr S. W. Williams. The object of the voyage was to endeavor to open a communication for missionary as well as commercial purposes with the people of that very populous and interesting country, of which so little is known by the rest of the world. They also took with them three natives of Japan young men, who were rescued in a famished state, from the wreck of a Japanese junk, the winter before last, and brought to Macao in a Chinese vessel. Their craft had been driven by gales of wind out of the sight of their own coast, and had been for many days tossing about at the mercy of the wind and waves, before they were picked up, and all had died from starvation but these three. They were for some months in charge of Mr Gutzlaff, and from them he acquired a tolerable knowledge of the Japanese tongue, which resembles that of China. The ship was to proceed direct to Jeddo, the capital of Japan, and would probably touch at the Loo Choo Islands on the return passage. At the end of August when the Champlain sailed, they were hourly expected back, and by the next arrival from Canton, we shall probably have an account of the voyage, which must prove extremely interesting. Should they be permitted to land, Mrs King, who is a daughter of the Rev. Dr Matthews of this city, will probably be the first Christian female who has ever set foot on the shores of Japan.

The Morrison, which undertook this adventurous expedition, is owned by our fellow-citizens, Messrs. Talbot, Olyphant, & Co., who omit no opportunity to testify, in a practical way, their interest in missionary operations. As however, it is no part of their object to have their good deeds trumpeted, we offer only this passing remark.

AMERICAN BOARD OF MISSIONS.

The Missionary Herald of December, among other statements gives an account of the Mission to Jerusalem. This Mission consists of Mrs Whiting, Mr Lanneau and Miss Tilden. The principal labors of the missionaries are devoted to the instruction of children, and to the distribution of tracts and books, in the city and the villages adjacent. We are told that the mission is gaining the confidence of the people. Conversions from Mahometanism must be expected to be rare, as its bloody law threatens death as the penalty of apostacy. The account of the Pilgrims says; '—About 4000 are in the city, chiefly Greeks and Armenians. Probably not one fifth of them can read. Some good has been done by circulating the Scriptures and tracts among them. They may carry the word of God into regions where the Missionary himself has never gone.'

From Persia.—An interesting letter has lately been received by a gentleman in Springfield Ms. from Rev. Justus Perkins, now a missionary in Persia. The letter is dated Ooroomiah (Persia) Feb. 8th 1837.

Ooroomiah, the district in which we are situated, is one of the finest regions of country I ever beheld. It is unsurpassed, in beauty and fertility, even by your own charming Connecticut Valley. But these charms of nature are all sadly eclipsed by the moral death-shade that broods over this beautiful country. Conceive of a state of morals, so debased, that *lying is universal*, and all the commands of the decalogue almost equally disregarded, and you have a picture of the morals of Persia.

Amid all this darkness, however, there is hope and encouragement. The Nestorian christians, among whom we are situated, are a most interesting people—degraded, to be sure, in their morals, like their Mohammedan oppressors; but ready and anxious for improvement. We have been enabled since our arrival, to establish several most interesting schools among these christians. The Bible, too, which happily exists in their ancient language—the Syriac—we circulate freely among them. And not a breath of opposition do we meet, in these and the numerous other means we are using, for their instruction, civilization, and salvation. Mohammedans behold these christian subjects rising above them on the scale of civilization, and become themselves desirous of instruction and improvement Thus, we hope that the light of knowledge and of pure religion will by and by be reflected so brightly from these Nestorian christians, as to put the corrupt abominations of Mohammedanism to shame forever, and spread science and civilzation—and truth and righteousness through all Asia.

Statistics of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States.—'We must be in haste,' wrote the Rev. Mr Fenwick, a Catholic Missionary, of Cincinnati. 'If the Protestant sects are beforehand with us, it will be difficult to destroy their influence' It will be interesting to Protestants to see the result of these urgent applications to Europe for Popish priests, to 'destroy the influence' of Protestant denominations in the United States.

The number of Catholic archbishops and bishops in the United States, is 12. They are located at Baltimore, Bardstown, Ky., Charleston, S. C., Philadelphia, St Louis, Boston, New York, Mobile, New Orleans, Detroit, Cincinnati, and Vincennes, Ia. Their territory is laid off with geographical precision, so as to embrace the whole United States.

The churches and clergy are scattered over the United States in the following manner:

Southern States.

Louisiana—Churches 26, priests 22; of these, 7 are stationed in New Orleans.
Alabama—7 churches, 8 priests; 3 stationed at Mobile.
Florida—3 churches, 2 priests.
Georgia—4 churches, 3 priests.
South Carolina—4 churches, 7 priests; 6 of these reside at Charleston.
North Carolina—11 churches, 3 priests.
Maryland—55 churches, 53 priests. The Rev. William M'Shery, of St Thomas' Manor, is provincial of the Jesuits.
Virginia—10 churches, 5 priests.
District of Columbia—3 churches, 6 priests.

Middle States.

Pennsylvania—57 churches, 43 priests; 15 of these reside in Philadelphia.
Delaware—3 churches, 2 priests.
New Jersey—6 churches, 5 priests.
New York—43 churches, 36 priests.

New England.

Connecticut—8 churches, 8 priests.
Massachusetts—11 churches, 13 priests.
Maine—7 churches, 6 priests.
New Hampshire—2 churches, 2 priests.
Vermont—1 church, 1 priest.

Western States.

Michigan and Northwest Territory—16 churches, 18 priests.
Ohio—25 churches and stations, 13 priests; 6 of these reside in Cincinnati, and 5 at St Josephs, where there is a convent of the Dominicans.
Kentucky—27 churches, 34 priests; 11 of these reside at Bardstown. At Lebanon, is a convent of Jesuits, where the following Jesuits reside:—Messrs Chazelle, Petit, Gouet, Fouchet, Euremont, and Cooms. At Rose, Washington county, is a convent of Dominicans, where five priests reside.
Tennessee—1 church, no priest.
Missouri—18 churches, 19 priests.
Illinois—10 churches, 6 priests.
Arkansas—4 churches, 1 priest.
Indiana—9 churches, 2 priests.
Total number of churches in the United States, 382.

We have only put down the priests enrolled with the churches. This does not include all. The total number of priests in the United States, is stated in the 'Catholic Laity's Directory,' to be 341. The employment of a large portion of these is not stated. In the diocese of St Louis, Bardstown, Vincennes, and Detroit, the number of priests is set down at 112.—*Cincinnati Journal.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Mr Samuel H. Loring to Miss Elizabeth D. Moore, daughter of Col. A. Moore.

In this city, Mr John M. Call to Miss Sarah C. Gayetty; Mr Norman N. Newell to Miss Adeline Burrill.

On Monday evening, by Rev. Mr Lothrop, James H. Wilder, Esq. of Philadelphia, to Miss Elizabeth Margaret, daughter of Nehemiah Parsons, Esq; by Rev. Mr Ripley, Langdon Coffin, Esq. to Miss Catharine Bailey.

On Monday evening, at the Warren street Chapel, by Rev. Mr Barnard, Mr Charles C. Murray, of this city, to Miss Olivia C. Mess, formerly of Gloucester.

In this city, by Rev. Mr Parkman, Mr Wm. Millet of Salem, to Miss Martha H. Sharpe, of this city.

In this city, on Tuesday evening, by Rev. Mr Lothrop, Mr John A. Richardson to Miss Susan Capen, daughter of Otis Everett, Esq.

On Tuesday evening, by Rev. Mr Young, Mr Jeremiah Flagg, Jr. of Grafton, to Miss Eliza W. Turner, of Concord.

In this city, by Rev. Mr Bartol, Mr William W. Tobey to Miss Nancy H. Porter.

At East Cambridge, by the Rev. Mr Green, Mr Wm. M. Gayetty to Miss Lucy H. Davis, daughter of Amasa Davis Esq. all of E. C.

In Dorchester, on Monday evening, by Rev. Nath'l Hall, Mr Henry Wolcott Ridgway to Miss Mary Elizabeth Clapp, both of D.

In Watertown, 28th inst. by Rev. Mr Francis, Col. Benj. Adams, of North Chelmsford, to Miss Adeline Bond, of W.

In Wilmington, Del. Hon. Wm. L. May, Representative in Congress from Illinois, to Miss Caroline, daughter of the late Cæsar A. Rodney, Esq.

DEATHS.

In this city on Wednesday last, Mr George Murdock, 58.

In Cambridgeport, on Sunday evening, Philip Ammidon, Esq. of this city, 60.

In Chelsea, Mrs Clarisa, wife of Mr Zephaniah Barrett, 32.

In Malden, Mrs Elizabeth, wife of Chas. Lewis, Esq.

At West Needham, yesterday morning, Rev. Thomas Noyes, 69.

In Salem, Mr Joseph Peabody, Jr. 50.

At Westford, 17th ult Miss Anna Parker, 45; 25th inst, George Osgood, 19, son of Benj. Osgood, M. D.

At Grafton, 29th ult. Mrs Susannah Warren, 57.

At the Worcester Lunatic Hospital, Mr William Blanchard, of Weymouth, 54.

In Grafton, 23 inst. Mrs Susannah Warren, 57.

In Charlton, Dr Ebenezer H. Phillips, 81—he had been a practising physician in that place nearly 60 years.

In Boxboro' Oct. 22d, Mr Benj. Stevens, 83. He was a brave soldier of the Revolution, and was one of six who captured an officer and five privates, (while stationed near Commercial Point, in Dorchester,) as they were passing in a boat from the Point to a British man of war, then lying at anchor in Boston harbor, and marched them in due form to the head quarters of Gen. Ward.—He was a soldier during nearly the whole war of the revolution, and received a pension.

In New York, Rev. Robert Gibson, pastor of the Second Reformed Presbyterian Church of that city, 45.

In New York, Hon. James D'Wolf, late of Bristol, R. I.

In New York, on Monday evening, William Court, Esq. 67, formerly a merchant in Mogadore—a man distinguished for great urbanity of manners. He was the individual who, 37 years ago, redeemed Capt Judah Paddock, of Hudson, (deceased,) and Mr John Clark from captivity from the Arabs. Mr Clark was present at Mr Court's death, and closed his eyes. Mr Court was father-in-law, we believe, to the excellent Mr Willshire, the British Consul at Mogadore, (or Suarah,) who ransomed Capt Riley and his companions.

In Texas, Capt. Daniel C. Fitch, formerly of Nantucket, 58.

Died, in this city, on Saturday evening, JOHN K. SIMPSON, Esq. aged 50.

The death of Mr Simpson was in consequence of an injury received some weeks since by the upsetting of an omnibus, at South Boston. The wounds, at the time, were not considered dangerous, though severe, but the result has been fatal. Mr Simpson was an active and enterprising mechanic and merchant. By the exercise of industry and a natually powerful intellect, he rose from poverty to wealth, and has filled, for many years, a large space in the estimation of his political friends, and the affections of his neighbors and acquaintance. His decease, in the noon of life, and in the vigorous pursuit of honor, influence and distinction among his fellow-citizens, is another illustration of the trite, but not less appropriate reflection—What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!—*Courier.*

SUNDAY EVENING LECTURES.—By O. A. Brownson.

At the Hall of the Society for Christian Union and Progress, No 31 Tremont Street. (Opposite the Savings Bank.) Services to commence at 7 o'clock.

Subject for to-morrow Evening—The Atonement.

Seats free.

WARREN STREET CHAPEL.

The tenth Lecture will be delivered on Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock by Rev. John S. Dwight.

Subject—Music a Branch of Popular Education.

Tickets may be had at the door.

JUVENILE BOOKS FOR NEW YEAR PRESENTS.
Young Gentleman's Annual
Young Lady's Annual
Youths Keepsake
Christmas Gem
The Nursery Book
My Little Hymn Book
Rollo at Play
Rollo at Work
Stories and Rhymes for Children
The Wreath
Parley's Picture Book
Home, by Miss Sedgwick
A Love Token by Miss Sedgwick
The Mountain Cottage
Stories about London
Fairy Book
Sunday School Teacher's Present
The Boy and the Birds
The Palfrey's
The Stage Coach
The Sunday School Guide
The Young Man's Friend
Affection's Gift
Sketches of a New England Village in the 19th Century
For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO.
jan 6 Boston Bookstore 134 Washington street.

DR ADAM CLARKE'S COMMENTARY ON THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT. This vast Encyclopedia of Divine and Human Knowledge and of unrivalled claims to profound learning and correct Biblical research and criticism is now published in the city of Baltimore by John J. Harrod, Agent, in 4 super royal octavo vols. Price in full binding lettered $13 per copy—in calf super extra gilt $24. The numerous editions of this work from the European and American press, furnish incontestible evidence of its just claims to pre-eminence and unprecedented popularity. It now forms a work of reference to the most intelligent and popular Divines, and other readers in the great Protestant community. This edition is the only one which contains the eloquent review of the celebrated Rev. J. E. Beaumont of England, of the life and abundant literary and religious labor of the untiring and successful Bible expositor and Evangelical ministery of Jesus Christ.

A liberal discount to ministers will be made of 20 per cent. Orders to be forwarded to the publishers, Messrs. Appleton & Co.; Collins, Keese & Co.; Robinson, Pratt & Co.; Leavitt, Lord & Co.; and Messrs. Harpers, New York:—Messrs. Desilver, Thomas & Co.; Uriah Hunt; Kay, & Brothers; Henry Perkins, and Hogan & Thompson, Philadelpuia;—Reed & Barber; F. J. Huntington; H. F. Sumner! Belknap & Hammersly: Burgess & Co.; Canfield & Robbins, Hartford, Conn.—Messrs. Durnie & Peck, New Haven;—and W. D. TICKNOR, Agent, corner of Washington and School sts. Boston.
is3t jan 6

THE SACRED OFFERING, A Poetical Gift for 1838.

'Enough to know
That at the lonely couch of grief or pain,
My simple page one passing smile may gain,
Or kindle in the breast devotion's glow.'

This day received by WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.
j 6

SPLENDID ANNUALS.—*Gems of Beauty.* displayed in a series of highly finished engravings of the Passions, from designs by Parris, with fanciful illustrations, in verse—by the Countess of Blessington.

Authors of England.—A series of Medallion Portraits of Modern Literary Characters, engraved from the works of British Artists, by Achille Collas—with illustrative notices, by H. F. Chorley.

With a general assortment of English and American Annuals, Works in elegant bindings, &c—suitable for Presents. For sale at WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. 121 Washington st. j 6

NORTH AMERICAN AND NEW YORK REVIEWS.

THE Nos. for January, 1838, commencing new volumes, this day published and furnished to subscribers. WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. Agents for all Popular Periodicals. j 6

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

THIS day published No 84. Christian Examiner and General Review for January, 1838.
JAMES MUNROE & CO. Publishers 134. Washington street. jan 6.

LAMB'S WORKS, 2 Vols.—The Works of Charles Lamb—To which are prefixed his Letters, and a sketch of his Life, Thomas Noon Talfourd, one of his executors. In 2 vols—Just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. j 6

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, No. 98 for January.—Contents.
Cooper's Novels and Travels.
Cicero
Talfourd's Letters of Charles Lamb
Hoffman's Course of Legal Study
De Quincy's Life of Raphael
Grund's Americans
Constitutional Law
Greene's Tales from the German
The Discovery of America by the Northmen
Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella
Critical Notices
Editor's Note
Quarterly List of New Publications
OTIS, BROADERS & CO.
jan 6 147 Washington street,

WORTH A MILLION;

BEING part 5 of Stories of Real Life, of which Three Experiments, Elinor Fulton, The Savings Bank, and the Harcourts, formed the four first parts. This day published by WEEKS, JORDAN & Co.
jan. 6

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL GUIDE & PARENT'S MANUAL.—By A. B. Muzzey, author of the 'Young Man's Friend.' This day published and for sale at TICKNOR'S.
jan 6 Corner of Washington and School sts.

TYNDALE'S NEW TESTAMENT—The original edition, 1526, being the first vernacular translation from the Greek, with a memoir of his life and writings, for sale at TICKNOR'S,
jan 6 Corner of Washington and School sts.

HISTCRY of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella.—History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Catholic. By Wm. H. Prescott. 3 vols. Just published, for sale by WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. j 6

NEW Volumes of Lady's Book,—Knickerbocker, Religious Magazine, American Monthly Review, and nearly all the popular Reviews, Magazines, &c., commence in January, 1838. Specimens of nearly all may be examined at the Literary Rooms, where subscriptions are received, and nearly all delivered in the city free of expense, for postage, WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. 121 Washington st. j 6

ANIMAL MAGNETISM, Part 3.—Practical Instruction in Animal Magnetism. By J. P. F. Deleuze, with notes by the translator referring to cases in this country. For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street jan 6

VALUABLE AND INTERESTING BOOKS.

JUST received from the Harpers, a fresh lot of their most recent interesting and useful publications—among them Mrs Gilman's new work, Recollections of a Southern Matron, The works of Charles Lamb; Aaron Burr; Hannah More's works; Memoirs of Hannah More; Mrs Sigourney's Letters to Young Ladies; Boys' and Girls' Library; The Rich Poor Man and the Poor Rich Man; Live and Let Live: The Fairy Book; The Blind Girl; The Economy of Health; Pilgrim's Progress, elegant edition; Robinson Crusoe, with numerous plates; Hierogly phical Bible; Dramond's Essays on the Principles of Morality. WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. jan 6

BOOKS FOR FAMILIES, CHEAP.

The best and most popular reading matter is printed in Waldie's Library, at about one tenth the cost in the usual book form. Novels, which cost $1 25, are furnished, in good type and paper, at about 12 1-2 cents, besides a great variety of Miscellaneous articles, History, Biography, Travels, &c.—$5 per annum. WEEKS, JORDAN & Co., N. E. Publishers. jan. 6

RELIGIOUS BOOKS.

THE following religious books are particularly recommended as presents for the coming year.
Memoir of Rev. Bernard Whitman, with a portrait.
The true Believer's Defence against charges prefered by Trinitarians, for not believing in the Divinity of Jesus Christ, the Trinity &c. by Chas. Morgridge, minister of the 1st Christian church in New Bedford.
Sephora, a Hebrew Tale.
The Christian Keepsake, an annual for 1838.
The Path of Peace.
The Sunday School Guide, just published.
The Teacher's Present. do do
Also a great variety of books for children, suitable for presents
BENJ. H. GREENE,
dec 30 124 Washington st.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ANNUALS.

FINDEN'S Tableaux, imperial quarto, with 12 large engravings, in green morocco.
Fisher's Oriental Keepsake, or Syria and the Holy Land. quarto, 37 large engravings.
Friendship's Offering, 16 plates.
Drawing Room Scrap Book, quarto, 36 plates.
Parlor Scrap Book, quarto, 14 large engravings, in embossed morocco.
The Token and Atlantic Souvenir, octavo, 10 splendid engravings, in morocco, gilt back.
Oriental Annual, 22 plates, octavo, in morocco gilt.
Picturesque Annual, 19 plates, royal octavo, in superb green velvet.
English Annuals, 14 plates, octavo, in morocco.
The Christian Keepsake, English edition, 16 plates octavo, in morocco.
Forget-Me-Not, 11 plates, in morocco.
Literary Souvenir, 16 plates, octavo, in embossed morocco.
Juvenile Scrap Book. 16 plates.
Flowers of Loveliness, 12 plates.
Book of Gems, 46 plates, 200 Poetical articles. Together with a general assortment of fine English and American Books for Presents. For sale by WEEKS, JORDAN & Co., 121 Washington street.
dec. 30

NEW BOOKS,

FOR SALE by WEEKS, JORDAN & CO., 121 Washington street.
Further Tribute to the Memory of J. Brainerd Taylor. By W. H. Prescott.
History of Ferdinand and Isabella. By W. H. Prescott, octavo.
Embassy to the Coasts of Cochin-China, Siam and Muscat. By Edmund Roberts,
Love Token, new supply. Also, Sam Slick, Gentleman Jack, Pretensions, Old Commodore, Ernest Maltravers, &c. &c. this day received.

JOANNA OF NAPLES—By the author of Miriam—Just published, and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. j 6

PRESENTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

ANNUALS—Friendships Offering, Token, Christian Keepsake, Affections Gift, Youths Keepsake, Parlor Scrap Book.
JUVENILE BOOKS, among which are the following.—A Love Token for Children, Stories for Children illustrating some of the Commandments, Rustic Excursions, Wreath, Teacher's Present, Little Lamb, Parley's Universal History a new and beautiful book, The Palfrey's, Young Man's Evening Book, Rollo at Work, Rollo at Play, Robert Rambles's Sketch Book, Girls Own Book, Boys Own Book, Little Sketch Book, My Little Hymn Book, The Mountain Cottage, Stories and Rhymes for Children, Pictures and Stories for Children, with a large collection of English colored Toy Books.
ALSO,—The Young Ladies' Friend, Young Man's Friend, Young Man's Aid, Mrs Hemans' Poems, H. More's Works, Miss Leslie's Pencil Sketches 3d series, Young Lady Abroad by H. More, Moral and Religious Selections, The Sunday School Guide, &c
BIBLES—A good assortment of large and small Bibles some in elegant binding and beautiful type.
LIKEWISE, Dissected pictures, Albums, Portfolio's, Pencil Cases, Pocket Books, &c.
For sale by S G. SIMPKINS, Court street corner of Brattle street. d 23 2tis

BOOKS FOR NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS.

PARENTS, and others who are purchasing books for presents, are invited to look at the following list of books which can be recommended to their notice. 'The Youth's Keepsake,'—a Christmas and New Year's Gift for young people.
Rose Graham, a Christmas and New Year's Gift for Sunday School scholars—just from press.
The Mountain Cottage, or the Well-instructed Family, with plates.
The Palfreys, a tale, by a Lady.
The Sunday School Guide, and Parent's Manual. By A. B. Muzzey, just published.
The Young Man's Friend, by Rev. A. B. Muzzey.
Flowers of Fable, with 24 engravings.
The Boy and the Birds, by Emily Taylor. With designs by Thos. Landseer, full of plates.
The Contrast, or Modes of Education. By author of Three Experiments, &c.
The Whale and Seal Fishery, with plates.
The Wreath, a Token for the young.
The Christmas Box.
Parley's Every Day Book.
My Son's Manual.
The Youth's Book of the Seasons.
The Book of Conversation,—a Guide for the Tongue, Translated from the French.
The Woodland Cottage.
Cottage

POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

RESOLUTIONS FORMED FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Teach me O God, to Thee I pray,
Teach me to keep thy perfect way,
And these my wishes bless,
As every day I older grow
Some real progress may I show
Toward heaven and holiness.

When troubles and misfortunes vex,
And crosses come and much perplex,
When others treat me ill,
The angry word and quick reply
Unuttered both, shall harmless die,
And conscience conquer will.

Of earthly goods whate'er my store,
Make me content to ask no more,
Than what thy love doth grant.
With willing heart still may I fly
To seek out wo and poverty,
And save the child of want.

Whene'er I hear my neighbor blamed,
And his once spotless name defamed,
To find excuse I'll try;
The thought that I too sometimes may
Be led from virtue's path astray,
Shall teach me Charity.

I'll be sincere, and kind and true;
Whate'er I've promised I will do;
Nor mean advantage take:
Or if I should, (perchance I may,)
As life is short, without delay
I'll restitution make.

In every place, Thou God art nigh;
O make me heed Thy holy eye
Surveying all my ways:
Then, having done with me below,
Wilt Thou eternal life bestow,
With power to sing thy praise.

[From the Baltimore Book.]

THE CHERUB WATCHER.

BY J. SAURIN NORRIS.

The last lone star that lingers on the sky
Has veiled its lamp,—the morning's ruddy glow
Already bathes the mountain's crest in fire,
And all things don the livery of the day;
Yet from yon half oped casement faintly gleams
A sickly taper's light:—who watches thus
With such intensity of care that e'en
The night may wane unknowingly? What eye
Has failed to note the waking blush of morn?
What ear is closed to all the gladsome sounds
That herald in the new-born day?

With noiseless step approach,
And to each query find a mute reply,—
For in that silent hall no sound is heard,
Save the quick trembling of an infant's breath,—
A mother watches o'er her dying babe.
Its hour has come, and she whose chief delight
Was found while gazing on its sinless brow,
To seek some promise of the future's good;
Now bends in speechless agony to mark
The closing scene of all her fondest hopes:—
Unutterable woe is heard ev'n in
The very silence of that mother's grief.
One shivering sigh escapes, and the closed lids
Are slowly raised,—life lingers in that gaze,
Which fondly seeks the parent eye; and words,
That have no voice, are breathing on the air,
To bid the mother meet her child in heaven.

In after years,
Say not that childless mother is alone.—
Have ye not mark'd her busy hand to rest,
Amid the task by love itself impos'd?
Ev'n as she listened to the step of him
Who is her bosom's lord, have ye not seen
Her gaze abstracted,—her attention gone?
A silver voice was whispering in her ear,
'*Mother! dear mother, come!*'———
There is a rapt communion of the soul,
Which time, nor space, nor death itself, can mar;
Upon the young wind's gentlest breath 'tis borne,—
Upon the sunbeam rides,—and in the storm
Distinctly whisp'ring tells its tale of love.
And such the mystic intercourse she knows
Who hath a babe in heaven. Its spirit-voice
Is heard alike in joy, or grief, by day,
By night,—in dreams, or waking, still it sighs,
'*Mother! dear mother, come!*'
* * * * * *
Around the azure portals of the sky,
Lingers a cherub form. Amid the tones
Of angel minstrelsy its voice is hush'd;
Heaven's brightest glory has no power to charm
Its gaze, which scans the deep profound of space,
And watchful seeks earth's distant darkling orb.
What hath a denizen of heav'n to hope
Beyond the bliss its realms of glory yield?
What form of beauty, or what sound of joy
Is wanting there which other worlds can lend?
Hark! on the odor-laden zephyr's wing
There comes a gush of witching melody,
Whilst on the farthest precinct of the sky,
Hovers a seraph band. Amid the train,
A free unfettered spirit cleaves the air,
And in her upward flight outstrips the storm.
Again is heard triumphant harmony,—
Yet 'mid its tones that cherub knows a voice,
More grateful to its ear than murm'ring streams
Which pour their floods of life o'er plains of bliss,—
'*My child, I come!*'—Heav'n hath no more to give.

THE OLD TIMES.

Do you recall what now is living only
Amid the memories garnered at the heart?—
The quiet garden, quiet and so lonely,
Where fruit and flowers had each an equal part?
When we had gathered cowslips in the meadow
We used to bear them to the ancient seat,
Moss-grown, beneath the apple tree's soft shadow,
Which flung its rosy blossoms at our feet,
In the old, old times,
The dear old times.

Near was the well o'er whose damp walls were weeping
Stonecrop, and grounsel, and pale yellow flowers,
While o'er the banks the strawberry plants were creeping
In the white beauty of June's earliest hours
The currant-bush and lilac grew together;
The bean's sweet breath was blended with the rose;
Alike rejoicing in the pleasant weather
That brought the bloom to these, the fruit to those,
In the old, old times,
The dear old times.

There was no fountain ever marble falling;
But the bees murmur'd one perpetual song,
Like soothing waters, and the birds were calling
Amid the fruit-tree blossoms all day long;
Upon the sunny grass-plot stood the dial,
Whose measured time strange contrast with ours made:
Ah! was it omen of life's after trial,
That even then the hours were told in shade,
In the old, old times,
The dear old times?

But little recked we then of those sick fancies
To which in after life the spirit yields:
Our world was of the fairies and romances
With which we wandered o'er the summer fields;
Then did we question of the down-balls blowing
To know if some slight wish would come to pass,
Andif we feared a shower we sought where growing
Some weather-flower which was our weather glass,
In the old, old times,
The dear old times.

Yet my heart warms at these fond recollections,
Breaking the heavy shadow on my day.
Ah! who hath cared for all the deep affections—
The love, the kindness I have thrown away?
The dear old garden there is now remaining,
As little of its bloom as rests with me.
Thy only memory is this sad complaining,
Mourning that never more for us can be,
The old, old times,
The dear old times.

L. E. L.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LOVE-LETTERS.

Between the first Governor of Massachusetts and his wife, about the year 1628.

'MY MOST SWEET HUSBAND,—How dearly welcome thy kind letter was to me, I am not able to express. The sweetness of it did much refresh me. What can be more pleasing to a wife, than to hear of the welfare of her best beloved, and how he is pleased with her poor endeavors! I blush to hear myself commended, knowing my own wants. But it is your love that conceives the best, and makes all things seem better than they are. I wish that I may be always pleasing to thee, and that those comforts we have in each other may be daily increased, as far as they may be pleasing to God. I will use that speech to thee, that Abigail did to David; 'I will be a servant to wash the feet of my lord.' I will do any service wherein I may please my good husband. I confess I cannot do enough for thee; but thou art pleased to accept the will for the deed, and rest contented.

'I have many reasons to make me love thee, whereof I will name two: first, because thou lovest God; and secondly, because thou lovest me. If these two were wanting, all the rest would be eclipsed. But I must leave this discourse, and go about my household affairs. I am a bad housewife to be so long from them; but I must needs borrow a little time to talk with thee, my sweet heart. I hope thy business draws to an end. It will be but two or three weeks before I see thee, though they be long ones. God will bring us together in his good time; for which I shall pray.

'Farewell, my good husband; the Lord keep thee.

'Your obedient wife,

'MARGARET WINTHROP.'

'MY GOOD WIFE,—Although I wrote to thee last week, yet, having so fit opportunity, I must need write to thee again; for I do esteem one little, sweet, short letter of thine, (such as the last was,) to be well worthy two or three from me.

'I began this letter yesterday at two o'clock, thinking to have been large, but was so taken up by company and business, as I could get but hither by this morning. It grieves me that I have not liberty to make better expression of my love to thee, who art more dear to me than all earthly things; but I will endeavor that my prayers may supply the defect of my pen, which will be of use to us both, inasmuch as the favor and blessing of God is better than all things besides.

'I know thou lookest for troubles here, and when one affliction is over, to meet with another; but remember our Savior tells us, 'Be of good comfort; I have overcome the world.' Therefore, my sweet wife, raise up thy heart, and be not dismayed at the crosses thou meetest with in family affairs, or otherwise; but still fly to Him who will take up thy burden for thee. Go thou on cheerfully, in obedience to his holy will, in the course he hath set thee. Peace shall come. I commend thee and all thine to the gracious protection and blessing of the Lord.

'Farewell, my good wife. I kiss and love thee with the kindest affection, and rest

'Thy faithful husband,

'JOHN WINTHROP.'

'MOST LOVING AND GOOD HUSBAND,—I have received your letters. The true tokens of your love and care of my good, now in your absence, as well as when you are present, make me think that saying false, 'Out of sight, out of mind.' I am sure my heart and thoughts are always near you, to 'do you good, and not evil, all the days of my life.' I rejoice in the expectation of our happy meeting; for thy absence has been very long in my conceit, and thy presence much desired. Thy welcome is always ready; make haste to entertain it.

'And so I bid my good husband farewell, and commit him to the Lord.

Your loving and obedient wife,

'MARGARET WINTHROP.'

THE QUEEN.

Her Majesty is known to be an early riser, and, indeed, the duties devolving on the Sovereign of these realms are sufficiently onerous to render this habit, so desirable in itself, a matter of duty; sovereigns having to transact a vast routine of duties, which in many cases, can no-wise be performed by deputy. Among these, are the signing of the commissions in the army and navy, and various other documents, the whole of which must be signed by the sovereigns own hand, a duty which, occurring possibly several hundred times in the course of the morning, involves, with other tasks, a considerable share of attention and fatigue. In the intervals of public business, audiences are granted to persons whom her Majesty honors by such condescension, and a due space, of time is devoted to reading and music, and other mental recreations and accomplishments. Towards the middle of the day her majesty leaves her palace and woos the deity of health by imbibing the salubrious breezes of our cliffs and downs. The excursion is frequently performed on horseback, her Majesty being accompanied by her illustrious parent, and attended by the lords, ladies and gentlemen, who compose the court. The *cortege* usually numbers about twenty persons, and so great is the anxiety felt to behold their youthful sovereign by the inhabitants and visitors of Brighton, that crowds are collected in front of the palace, hours before her Majesty is expected to appear.

The utmost enthusiasm is displayed, and her Majesty is every where hailed by cheers and expressions of loyalty and attachment, which she seems to reciprocate with every feeling of satisfaction, and occasionally seems wholly unable to restrain the natural feeling of gratification and delight. The other evening, in particular, while returning to the palace, as some little urchins were shouting and making the most uproarious demonstrations of their loyalty, the Queen was evidently so amused with the scene that she had the utmost difficulty in refraining from a hearty laugh. These airings are taken occasionally in an open carriage, but the most picturesque and pleasing effect is produced when her majesty, accompanied only by her mother or a single lady of her suite, proceeds on her drive in a little open chaise drawn by milk white ponies and preceded by two youthful outriders, mounted on ponies of the same color.

We have previously mentioned that the tiny equipage itself, with its young and interesting occupant, the diminutive size of the animals by which it is drawn, and the similarly slender steeds on which the attendants are mounted gives the whole somewhat of a fairy character, and suggests the idea of Queen Mab and her elfin attendants. Occasionally her Majesty, on arriving at the terrace of Kemp town, has alighted from her carriage and walked for some time on the terrace and walks of that marine parade. The same anxiety is felt to witness her return, and the entrance to the palace is thronged by a multitude anxious to behold their youthful and beloved sovereign. In the evening the dinner party is formed of the parties immediately connected with the court, together with some few guests specially honored by the invitations. Her Majesty is extremely partial to music, and is herself a proficient performer, and this delightful recreation forms a chief part of the entertainments of the evening. Her Majesty, in addition to the public declaration of her sentiments, as contained in her answer to the address of the town, has been pleased to express privately her satisfaction with the place generally, and her gratification at witnessing the loyalty and attachment with which she is every where received.

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

The Hon. Joel B. Poinsett, now Secretary at War, of the United States, related the following incident at a public meeting in Charleston during the nullification controversy some years since;

'Wherever I have been, (says Mr Poinsett,) I have been proud of being a citizen of this great republic, and in the remotest corners of the earth have walked erect and secure under that banner which our opponents would tear down and trample under foot. I was in Mexico when that town was taken by assault. The house of the American ambassador was then, as it ought to be, the refuge of the distressed and persecuted; it was pointed out to the infuriated soldiery as a place filled with their enemies. They rushed to the attack. My only defence was the flag of my country, and it was flung out at the instant that hundreds of muskets were levelled at us. Mr Mason (a braver man never stood by his friend in the hour of danger) and myself placed ourselves beneath its waving folds, and the attack was suspended. We did not blench, for we felt strong in the protecting arm of this mighty republic. We told them that the flag that waved over us was the banner of that nation to whose example they owed their liberties, and to whose protection they were indebted for their safety. The scene changed as by enchantment, and those men who were on the point of attacking my house and massacreing the inhabitants, cheered the flag of our country and placed sentinels to protect it from outrage. Fellow citizens, in such a moment as that, would it have been any protection to me and mine to have proclaimed myself a Carolinian? Should I have been here to tell you this tale if I had hung out the Palmetto and the single star? Be assured that to be respected abroad, we must maintain our place in the Union.'

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

The October number of the Democratic Review published at Washington, contains the following sketch of that extraordinary man, John Quincy Adams:—'Our attention is now attracted to a ray of light 'located' on the left of the House, in the neighborhood of the Speaker's Chair. It proceeds from the wonderful man who in his person combines the agitator, poet, philosopher, statesman, critic, and orator—John Quincy Adams. There he sits, hour after hour, day after day, with untiring patience, never absent from his seat, never voting for an adjournment, vigilant as the most zealous member of the House, his ear, ever on the alert; always prepared to go at once into the profoundest question of state or the minutest point of order. We look at him and mark his cold and tearful eye, his stern and abstracted gaze, and conjure up phantoms of other scenes. We look upon a more than King who has filled every department of honor in his native land, still at his post; he who was the President of millions, now the representative of forty odd thousand, quarrelling about trifles, or advocating high principles; to day growling and sneering at the House with an abolition petition in his trembling hand, and anon lording it over the passions and lashing the members into the wildest state of enthusiasm by his indignant and emphatic eloquence. Alone, unspoken to, unconsulted with others, he sits apart, wrapped in his reveries, or probably he is writing, his almost perpetual employment. He looks enfeebled, but yet he is never tired; worn out, but ever ready for a combat; melancholy, but let a witty thing fall from any member, and that old man's face is wreathed in smiles. He appears passive, but woe to the unfortunate member that hazards an arrow at him; the eagle is not swifter in his flight than Mr Adams; with his agitated finger quivering in sarcastic gesticulation, he seizes upon his foe, and amid the amazement of the House, rarely fails to take a signal vengeance. His stores of knowledge on every subject garnered up through the course of his extraordinary life, in the well arranged store house of a memory which is said never to have permitted a single fact to escape it, give him a great advantage over all new comers, in encounters of this kind. He is a wonderful, eccentric genius. He belongs to no party, nor does any party belong to him. His is of too cold a nature to belong to a party leader. He is originally of very peculiar ideas, and perfectly fearless and independent in expressing and also in maintaining them. His manner of speaking is peculiar, he rises abruptly, his face reddens, and in a moment throwing himself into the attitude of a veteran gladiator, he prepares for the attack: then he becomes full of gesticulation, his body swings to and fro, self-command seems loose, his head is bent forward in his earnestness till he sometimes touches the desk, his voice frequently breaks, but he pursues his subject through all its bearings—nothing daunts him—the House may ring with cries order—order! unmoved—contemptuous—he stands amidst the tempest, and like an oak that knows its gnarled and knotted strength stretches his arm forth and defies the blast.'

Statistics of Insanity in Cities.—M. Briere de Boismont has produced the following comparative statement of the number of insane persons in the great capitals in proportion to their respective populations:

Capitals.	Population.	Madmen.	Proportion.
London,	1,400,000	7,000	1 in 200
Paris,	890,000	4,000	1— 222
St. Petersburg,	377,046	120	1— 3,183
Naples,	364,000	479	1— 759
Cairo,	330,000	14	1—30,714
Madrid,	201,000	60	1— 3,350
Rome,	154,000	320	1— 481
Milan,	150,000	618	1— 242
Turin,	114,000	331	1— 344
Florence,	80,000	236	1— 338
Dresden,	70,000	150	1— 466

Making a deduction for the number of insane persons foreigners to the cities, and which as to Paris, according to the documents of M. Desportes, amounts to about one seventh of those so afflicted, it becomes an incontestable fact that the number of mad persons is rather in relation to the progress and extent of civilization than the numerical amount of population. London and Paris are certainly the most populous cities of Europe, and as certainly contain most insane persons; but they are, at the same time, justly deemed the two centres of civilization. Naples, which contains nearly 400,000 souls, reckons only one eighth of the number of insane persons in Paris, and one fourth of those in London. The proportion in Cairo is very diminutive. If we range the above 11 cities according to the number of insane persons they contain, they will stand in the following order:—1. London; 2. Paris; 3. Milan; 4. Florence; 5. Turin; 6 Dresden; 7. Rome; 8. Naples; 9. St. Petersburg; 10. Madrid; 11. Cairo.—French Paper.

A Spanish Tribute to the Virtues of the Quakers.—The 'Noticoso de Ambos Mundos' in an article entitled 'Poverty is not an evil,' has the following excellent remarks upon the characteristic traits of the Quakers, which are as striking for their originality as truth. 'It has never been proved until of late that poverty is not a natural or necessary evil. A remarkable example of its absence in a numerous class of society is to be found among the Quakers, or the community of Friends established in England and America. With some peculiarities of little importance in dress and language, this numerous body of individuals acts upon the uniform principle of stifling the passions. They subdue the ignoble impulses of our natures, and in this lies the basis of moral truth. The Quakers practice habitually what all other sects admire only as theories. The consequence of this dominion over their thoughts and actions, is that although there are many thousands of Quakers in England and the United States of America, in neither country do we ever see a mendicant or intoxicated Quaker in the streets, and seldom or never do we find any of them cited before the criminal courts.

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